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August Specialties.

A VISIT TO GRACE HOSPITAL. - - By The Editor

HULDY MIRILDY (An Illustrated Story) - - By F. Pitt

A BABY'S CONCLUSIONS - By Mrs. J. E. Atkinson (Madge Merton)

LADIES' JOURNAL

AUGUST, 1895.

A Rainy Morning.

The low sky, and the warm, wet wind,
And the tender light on the eyes;
A day like a soul that has never sinned,
New dropped from Paradise.

And 'tis oh, for a long walk in the rain,
By the side of the warm wet breeze,
With the thoughts washed clean of dust and stain,
As the leaves on the shining trees.

Ethelwyn Wetherald, in New York Independent

HELEN JEFFREY DEL.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing
Just to get away,—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day;
Ah! my heart is sick with longing
Just to get away.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Just to get away,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Just to get away.

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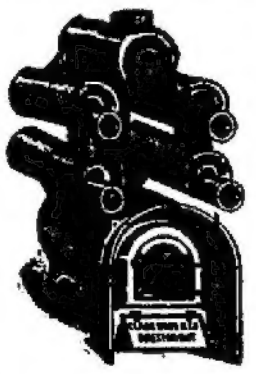

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XV. No. 8. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1895. $1.00 PER YEAR.

What the New Woman is Not.

BE the statement that the New Woman is aggressive, ambitious and altogether up-to-date, true or not, is a question, but certain it is that this nebulous personage intends to frown upon the large family. We are good friends with the "New Woman" and want to see her take the advanced place destined for her, but we cannot brook the above statement. The small family, especially among the wealthier classes, is too prevalent at the present time, and the evil is rapidly growing. True we would not care to see our population increase as it does in French Canadian settlements, but there is a happy medium to be preserved.

Canadians were not so great sinners until recently, when they have become followers not of the "English you know," this time, but of their sisters across the line, who consider one child or two at most to be sufficient to fill the mother heart and arms. She around whom a large family of seven, eight, or nine children gathers, growing together in beauty, developing in the home world as only brothers and sisters can, is looked upon with pity, and in some cases contempt.

With a lofty disapproval of the intentions of the Creator, who made the race, man and woman, one the complement of the other, these latter-day champions of Woman, written with a capital, look scornfully on the wife who is satisfied with quiet home work and ways, and who accepts motherhood as her crown of glory, her highest dignity, and her dearest joy.

They forget, or ignore, in their compassion for the woman who bears more than one babe, that with every little one whom she cradles against her breast the mother's whole self is renewed, so that she puts on beauty like a garment, and is literally blessed among women when she broods over her child.

In the old days and the old races the childless, not the many-childed, woman was the object of commiseration. "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" exclaimed the husband of Hannah, as over and over she implored with passionate entreaty the gift from God of the child so long withheld. Dear as the husband was, the bond between him and the wife drew more closely when they called the little child their own.

One has frequently noticed, sometimes with wonder, that the middle-aged mother of a large family actually looks and certainly feels younger than her contemporary who has either had no children or only one or two. Strangely enough, the large family is as easily brought up and educated, and in the end turns out usually as well, as the small one. The more crowded the nest, the closer the fledglings press together.

Self-denial, family love, family loyalty, thrive better where there is reason for their exercise and growth.

There are good times in the family circle large enough to have enjoyment within itself, and not dependent altogether on outsiders. The mirthful dance, the games, the evening songs, the studies, the mutual pride, the protecting of the younger by the older, and the uplooking of the younger to the older, are possible in the large as they are not in the small household. And she who stands at the helm, guiding, influencing, controlling, moulding her sons and daughters, need long for no wider privileges nor yearn for greater responsibility.

In yet another aspect the large family is desirable. When death enters a home and carries away a child, the grief will be no more intense for the only child than for the child whose loss breaks a bond of seven. A cup can hold only what fills it, and a heart can ache as deeply over a baby dying a few days old as over a man in his prime. But the desolation is greater when love has invested its all in a single life. Comfort comes sooner to the bereaved in a large than in a small family. When one goes home from the grave of an only child, and sits down with the stricken parents by their silent hearth, one drops the plummet into the gulf of a sorrow too deep to be ever overlived again.

Hymn to the Flowers.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours:
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

Not useless are ye Flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines
My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Huldy Mirildy

E and Mr. Bowers (I ginerally call him Ephrum, when there ain't no company by) hedn't been livin' in Sapville very long when the Snigses moved in next door. Now, me an' Mis' Snigs wuz girls together; an' she hevin' been livin' onto a farm, we hedn't been able to neighbor much, so we wuz proper glad to be so nigh together. They'd hed a big family, but they wuz all married and settled exceptin' their oldest darter, Huldy Mirildy, an' she creepin' along in her fifties; but to see the way she acted you'd think she wuz fifteen.

She wuz ravin' crazy over men's society; I never saw nothin' to ekal thet girl (as she called herself.) Why, laws! the widowers, old bachelors an' young fellows around town wuz as skeerd of her as pizen. An' they all knew thet they couldn't get rid of her ef she once got her clutches on 'em. She'd pop out of houses an' stores, then skip along to ketch up with 'em, an' go off down the street, hangin' on their arm; then she'd write 'em notes, send 'em poetry, an' invite 'em down to see her, till she nigh pestered 'em to death. But mebbe you could git a better idee of how her antics looked to folks ef I give you a description of her.

In the first place she wuz monstr'us tall, an' unheavy set, weighin', I think, about ninety-five pounds; a long, thin nose, with a big bump onto it; eyes sort of buttermilk gray,' an' she kep' em' squinted up all the time, so's she could see (an' bein' too vain to wear specs, it wuz about as much as she could do to see at all); a long, bony neck, an' she nearly allays wore a low-neck dress, fer as she said, "it made her look so young and girl-like;" then she hed a great habit of simperin' an' puttin' one finger up to her mouth (I don't know what she done this fer, unless it wuz to hide her mouth and false teeth). An', of course, she hed corkscrew curls, which were false an' a kind of a streaked yaller, an' the rest of her hair would 'a' been gray as a rat ef she hedn't a-dyed it in sage tea an' rusty nails, which kep' it about the same color all the time. So I reckon you kin jedge thet she wuzn't very pleasant to look at.

But her looks didn't bother me as much as the pesky old melodeon (which, like herself, wuz gittin' along in years, an' hedn't been tuned, I don't believe, since it wuz bought). An' she wus etarnally playin' on it, an' singin' love songs, the most sick'nin' things thet wuz ever writ, sech as, "My Hopes have Departed Forever," "I Cannot Sing that Song To-night" (and I says to Ephrum, I wish to mercy she couldn't); then there wuz a lot of others thet I can't call to mind jest at present. She wuz practicin', as she said, "in case she might hev gentlemen callers." Well, she'd been practicin' every day since she moved in, but I never seen nary a caller. Still, she wuz as patient a critter as could be. It did mortify her pa an' ma to hev Huldy act thet way, but what could they do with a crackle-brained old maid, thet thought every time a feller looked crossways at her he wuz in love with her?

Now, one of Huldy's great failin's wuz yarnin' about her age. I don't know as this is a uncommon thing with folks, maids or old maids; but Huldy wuz a leetle wuss than anybody I ever knowed of. One day I hed a rag-bee at my house, an' Mis' Snigs bein' sick an' not able to come, she sent Huldy Mirildy in her place. Well, we got to talkin', an' somebody asked how many years it wuz thet Jane Fobes (she that wuz Jane Bliskins) wuz sent to the mad-house. Poor luny critter, she hed as good sense as anybody, but one day she wuz drawin' water an' the well-sweep fell down on her head, causin' soft'nin' of the brain. An' she bein' a third cousin of Huldy's, we 'lowed she ought to know. So I asked her ef she called to mind how long ago it wuz.

"Why," says she, simperin', "Mis' Bowers, I never saw Cousin Jane, an' only know what little ma's told me about her; how came you to ask me?"

"Why, Huldy Mirildy Snigs," says I, "I know that you wuz fully twenty-five year old when thet happened; how you do talk! I kin tell you myself how long ago it wuz, fer Dan'l (my youngest) wuz nothing but a baby, an' he wuz thirty year old last June."

Well, as soon as I finished my say, Huldy got her bunnit, an' biddin' us a freezin' "good-day," flipped out of the house. We wuz all kindy horror-struck, me a speshully, fer I hedn't intended rilin' Huldy about her age in my house, but it jest slipped out somehow, fer I never kin hold thet "onruly member" of mine at sech a time; but it wuz said, an' I hedn't said nothin' but the truth, an' didn't see no sense in her gittin' huffy. But I knew she'd git over it, fer Dan'l wuz comin' home on a vacation in a day or so, an' then she'd be very glad to hang around. Dan'l ain't married—don't seem to take to the girls 'tall. But Huldy Mirildy seems to hev tuk to him like a duck to dough. It jest keeps Dan'l playin' hide an' seek all the time he's to home, to git away from Huldy. An' when she ain't over here, she's singin' them everlastin' love songs, leavin' all the winders open so we kin git the full benefit of 'em, an' makin' us wish we wuz deaf an' she wuz dumb. But wishin' don't make her shet up, an' nothin' would, I guess, except a man or a shot-gun. But Dan'l won't sacrifice himself, an' we don't want to use sech rash measures as shootin', an' so things stand. Of course, I hev to treat Huldy real good, though, fer Mis' Snigs is a nice, newsy neighbor, an' I would hate dretful bad to hev a fuss with her.

Well, Dan'l got home the next evenin' after the rag-bee, an' on the follerin' mornin' Hudly come over I wuz settin' on the steps a knittin', an' Dan'l wuz in the front room readin'. I hed no chance to warn him (fer ef I hed, he'd 'a' run), but she jest bounced right in on him; so thinks I, "I'll set here an' listen to what she has to say." Well, up she rushes, puttin' out both hands, till I 'lowed she wuz goin' to embrace him; an' says she:

"Dear Mr. Bowers! I'm so glad to welcome you back—an' without a wife; I do so hope you will choose a bride from amongst us village girls."

An' says he coolly:

"Good-morning, Miss Snigs."

"Oh," says she, "don't be so formal, Da—or Mr. Bowers; please call me Huldy Mirildy."

"No," says he, "Miss Snigs, I am too young to call you by your given name; it would be disrespectful."

When Dan'l said thet, I jest let my knittin' fall an' shuk fer a full five minutes, laughin', I wuz thet tickled. I jest imagined I could hear her gasp fer breath. But in about half a minute she began agin, an' says she:

"Be there many pretty girls in Fullstown?"

Says he:

"You must remember, Miss Snigs, I wasn't there for pleasure, but rather for business, although I suppose Fullstown has its share of pretty girls;" an' wishin' to change the subject, he asked Huldy what she'd been readin' nowadays.

"Well," says she, "we take the Boomville Headlight an' the Hoopstown Mirror; them's weeklies, an' hev beautiful love stories in 'em. Then I've joined a library thet some stranger wuz here gittin' up, an' jest got my first book day before yesterday; the name of it is 'Haughty Helen; or, The Mountaineer's Bride.' Why, ef you'll believe me, Mr. Bowers, thet book was so interestin', I sat up till after twelve o'clock readin' last night. I wuz so afeerd that another feller in the book would git Helen away from her true love; but he didn't."

Now, I know Dan'l must be nigh wore out by this time, an' I 'lowed ef I went in the room mebbe she'd go; an' she did start, but stopped long enough to say:

"Oh, I almost fergot my errand. A few of us girls are going to have a croaky party at about seven o'clock this evenin', an' we do want you to come, Mr. Bowers; and won't you please be my pardner?"

"Well, really," says Dan'l, "I couldn't make an engagement for this evenin', for at present I am suffering from a violent pain in my head, and consequently would be very dull company, so I must decline your invitation."

But I knowed what give Dan'l thet pain in his head (ef he had one); it wuz thet girl a-pest-

I DO SO HOPE YOU WILL CHOOSE A BRIDE AMONG US VILLAGE GIRLS.

"I'VE ABOUT MADE UP MY MIND I'D BETTER MARRY."

erin' him; still, I don't believe I could 'a' got rid of her in as pretty a way a Dan'l did, fer he does talk mighty nice—jest like readin' in a book—fer me an' Ephrum give Dan' a good edication. He wuz away from town to school fer four years, an' being in the insurance business, he gits to go around a good bit, an' of course he learns lots thet way. An' we're real proud of him, for bein' the youngest, an' the only one of our children thet ain't married, of course we couldn't help to be.

Now, Dan'l wuz expectin' to stay two months, but Huldy wuz so bothersome he didn't git to stay but six weeks. An' I'll tell you, Huldy did deserve a good deal of credit fer the way she worked to hook him in—the times she asked him over, the notes an' flowers she sent him, an' the times she come over to our house, wuz almost without number. But it's my opinion (of course, I wouldn't tell the girls around her) that Dan'l's engaged to somebody in Fullstown; anyhow, he got letters from there reg'lar twice a week, in big square envelops. But "mum's the word" with him, so there's no tellin' what's up.

Now, about a week after Dan'l left, Mis' Snigs come over an' said thet Deacon Skaggs' wife wuz tuk down with the bilious fever, an' asked me ef I wouldn't go over with her; but just as we wuz ready to start, she hed company come in, so I went on without her. Well, I found Mis' Skaggs real bad off, not able to raise her head from the piller. There wuz a big family of 'em, but they wuzn't much help to their ma, fer the two oldest ones, a boy eighteen an' a girl sixteen, wuz hired out fer the summer, an' the other six wuz too little to be of much use. Now, there wuz no need of those children workin' out, fer the deacon wuz forehanded; but he wuz dretful close. Of course, he had his hired man, as most sech men do, but when it comes to help fer their wives, they're missin'. An' between you an' me, I think what ailed Mis' Skaggs more'n anything else, wuz hard work. One night when I wuz settin' up with her, says she:

"Mis' Bowers, there's one thing thet ain't so bad about bein' sick—it does seem so nice to rest. I do know that fer fifteen year I hevn't knowed what it wuz to be rested. I'm wore out when I go to bed an' wore out when I git up." An' says I:

"No wonder, Mis' Skaggs; hev you ever stopped to think how much work you've been a-doin' all these years? Now jest let me name some of the things you've hed to do: There's washin' an' ironin' fer all them children, the'r two selves an' the hired man; the cookin' bakin, scrubbin', sweepin', churnin' an' milkin'; then besides all these, there's the sewin' an' mendin', which is no small job fer your sized family. Why, that's enough work to wear out a big, able-bodied woman, much less a little puny thing like you."

Well, as time went by, I could see thet Mis' Skaggs wuz losin' strength every day; an' being so run down to begin with, the doctor said it would be hard to git her strength back agin.

Huldy Mirildy hed been every day to ask about her an' offer to help, ef there wuz anything she could do; but there wuzn't, till the other night I hed her set up an' keep me company, an' rest me a little, fer it's wearin' on a woman my age, losin' so much sleep. An' Huldy seemed real handy about the sick-room (mebbe she's found her callin' at last). But she hung around the deacon a good deal, sympathin' with him an' flatterin' him; but he seemed to be pretty much worried about Mis' Skaggs (I reckon 'twas because she couldn't work, fer he didn't feel bad enough to git any one to help take care of her).

I'll tell you that man ort to git hold of somebody thet'll spend the money fer him, an' run things with a high hand, to make him see what a meek, hard-workin' wife he's hed.

Now, as I said; the deacon wouldn't hire nobody, so me an' Huldy wuz the stand-bys--one'd do the work while t'other'd wait on Mis' Skaggs.

One day the doctor told Deacon Skaggs thet as soon as his wife got a leetle stronger he ort to let her make a visit to her sisters an' folks. They only lived two hundred miles from Sapville, an' she'd never been home since she wuz married (nineteen years). You see, the deacon wuz a heap older'n her, he bein' fifty-nine year old an' her thirty-seven. She wuz nothin' but a child when she married him, an' he wuz an' old bachelor, forty (an' folks said he'd been disapp'inted in love when he wuz about twenty, the girl a-jiltin' him fer another feller.) Mis' Skaggs said thet she believed it would cure her to go home an' stay a month or so, an' she begged the deacon hard. Now, she's one of those meek little women thet never dare say their life's their own, an' fer a minute it kind of surprised the deacon; but says he:

"When a woman marries a man, she's no call to be gaddin' to her home thet she's left; she must cleave to her husband." Then says he, "Elizabeth, I jest think you hain't so bad off as you think you be; I'm afeered you're gittin' lazy. Now, I want you to be a-thinkin' about gittin' out of bed an' goin' to work, fer none of my hard earnin's is goin' fer railroad fare--not a cent."

Says she, "Leander, ef you'll let me go, I won't ask fer a cent of money fer any clothes fer a year; an' I'll raise more turkeys an' poultry, an' I know you won't lose a cent by it."

Then he got mad, an' says he:

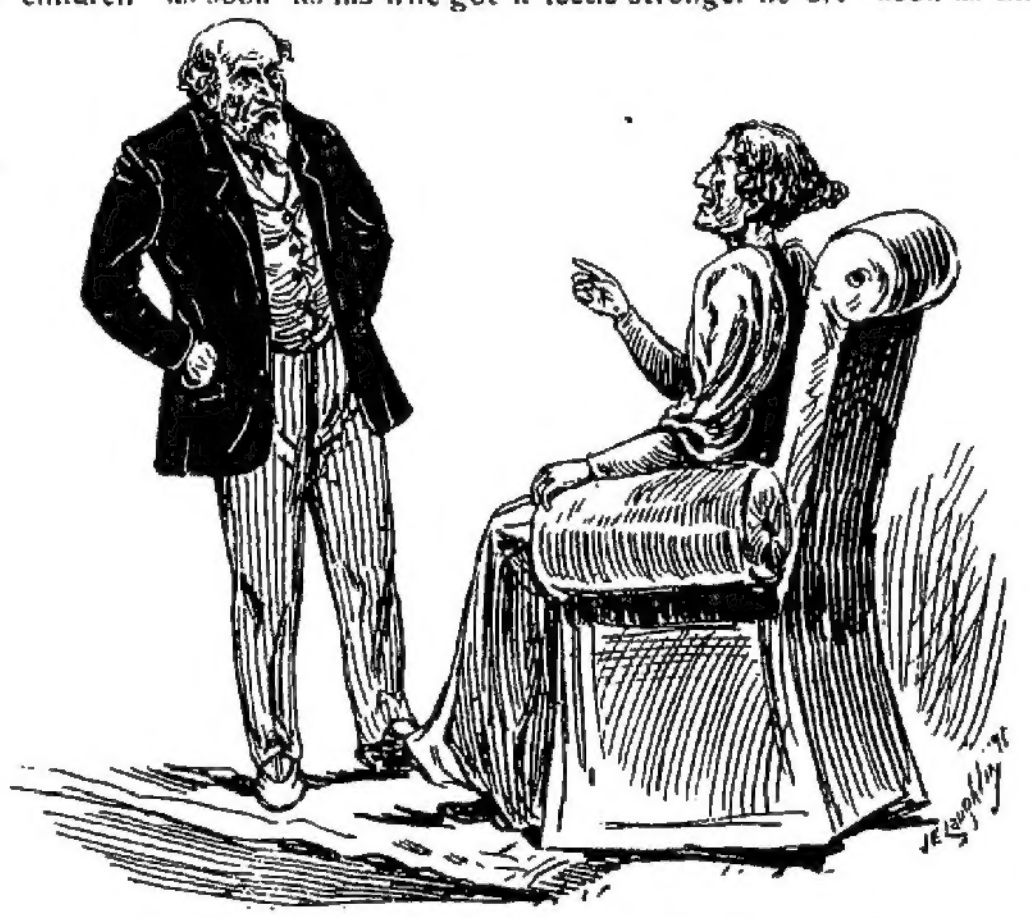
"Don't let me hear another word out of you; I said you wa'n't goin', an' I meant it," an' with thet he went out an slammed the door after him.

She turned her face away from me an' begun to cry, an' I thought she'd cry herself to death. I never felt so sorry fer anybody in my life. I tried to cheer her up; told her she'd git better after a little, an' mebbe in the fall she'd git to go. But she jest seemed crushed, an' said she didn't want to git well, she wuz so tired of livin'. An' she wouldn't eat nothin' we could fix fer her. The doctor told the deacon thet ef they couldn't do something to rouse her she'd die; but the deacon said he guessed not, she wuzn't so bad off; she'd jest got the notion into her head thet she wanted to go home on a visit, an' after she'd found out she couldn't go, she'd git well in a hurry. We all tried to reason with him, but he's the stubbornest man that ever lived, an' so cross to his family that his children despise him; an' I think mebbe what we said made him wuss.

Well, she finally got so she didn't notice or seem to know the children. An' I says to Huldy, "You jest set down and write to thet woman's folks thet ef they want to see her alive to come by the first train." So she did, an' they come as soon as they could git there—two sisters an' a brother. Now Mis' Skaggs' ma an' pa wuz both dead, having died since she wuz married but the deacon was too pesky stingy to let her go to their funerals.

Well, she seemed to rouse up a little fer a few minutes when she saw her folks; but they couldn't do her no good. An' she said so pitifully, "I want to go home, so much—so much." Well, I'll tell you they talked pretty plain to the deacon, but it didn't do a mite of good; an' the second day after they come she went to sleep—an' never woke up. But the very last thing she said before closin' those poor tired eyes, dimmed even then by death's dark veil, wuz, "I believe I'll get to go home—yes, home." An' when we went to give her her medicine, she hed gone; an' ef ever anybody deserved the reward of heaven, it wuz Elizabeth Skaggs.

All the children felt dretful, an' so did her folks, but as fer the deacon, all he seemed to think of wuz thet he would hev to hire some help in the kitchen, fer the oldest girl wuz tuk down sick with typhoid fever the day before her ma died. Now, the neighbors hed all helped while Mis' Skaggs wuz sick, so it



"HE GLARED AT HER DRETFUL, BUT SHE NEVER LET ON."

"SO I OPENED THE DOOR AND HE WUZ CRYING, AND SAYS HE 'COME HERE, HULDY'."

hedn't cost him anything; an' we couldn't stay with Mary very much, fer we wuz all so wore out from bein' with Mis' Skaggs; but he never offered to hire nobody, so we hed to help.

Well, after we'd done all we could, cleanin' up the house fer the funeral, an' sech like, me an' Huldy an' her ma went home. Then we spoke out, an' Huldy says:

"I hope thet man'll marry somebody thet'll treat him meaner (ef that can be) than he's treated Mis' Skaggs."

"Well," says I, "fer my part, I'm thankful she's at rest. That selfish old critter didn't care a straw for her after she got so she couldn't work."

His trials began after the funeral. He couldn't git nobody to stay more'n a week, he wuz so stingy an' hateful. I'll tell you they had awful times, an' it was three months before the oldest girl was able to crawl around the house—we all 'lowed she'd die.

About five months after Mis' Skaggs died, the deacon come over to our house, sayin' he hed a secret to tell me. Says he:

"I've about made up my mind I'd better marry. It's near hog-killin' time, an' I'm afeerd hired help'll waste the grease, an' they're liable not to press the cracklin's right; and there's the sassage to attend to, an' so on. An' I've got her in my mind. She's a good housekeeper an' cook, an' savin', I'm sure. Then her pa's well-to-do, an' being old, is liable to drop off, an' I would git a snug sum to put with my own property."

I knowed well enough who he meant, but I made up my mind I'd make him tell me. Says he:

"Can't you guess?"

"Why," says I, "you hev no call to be marryin' fer money; but who is the lucky female?"

Says he, "Huldy Mirildy. I've hankered after thet woman's cookin' ever since Elizabeth died; an' her bein' an' old maid, she'll be so thankful to me fer takin' her thet I shan't hev a bit of trouble makin' her walk a chalk line; an' you know, Mis' Bowers, I will be boss in my own house." Then says he, "Now Mis' Bowers, I 'lowed I'd git you to speak a good word fer me."

"Oh, certainly," says I. "Anything I could say to let Huldy know it would be to her interest to marry sech a kind man as you be, I'd do it willingly."

Says he, "Ef she takes me, an' I'm sure you've helped me, I'll bring you a good-sized punkin fer a present; I kin spare thet easy, fer I've nigh onto three hundred of 'em, an' it bein' sech a year fer pumkins, they won't bring more'n five cents apiece. But I won't begrudge it to you fer sech a turn as gittin' me a wife. An' by the way, how much do you reckon old Snigs is worth? Huldy ain't overly pretty, an' the old man ort to give her mor'n the others."

Thinks I to myself, "You schemin' old rascal, ef I don't tell Huldy this, my name ain't Marthy Bowers;" but I never let on, an' said I hed no idee jest how much the Snigses wuz worth, but right smart, I 'lowed.

Well, he finally left promisin' to come back the next day. So as soon as he wuz gone I got my knittin' out an' sent over fer Huldy. She come a-runnin' over; then I told her everything he'd said. She didn't say a word all the time I wuz talkin,' but ef you seen sparks fly out of anybody's eyes, them eyes wuz Huldy's. Says she:

"Mis' Bowers I'm goin' to take thet man, an' before I've lived with him a week he'll wish he'd never been born. So he wants to know how much I'll hev in money, does he? Well, it won't do him any good, but I'll hev eight thousand dollars; but you kin tell him I'll take him," says she.

I thought she wuz plum crazy, but she says:

"Don't you worry; Leander Skaggs won't boss me. I don't care the snap of my finger for him, but he has got nice children—they're just like their ma. An' ef they don't have a better time than they've been hevin,' my name ain't Huldy Mirildy. But don't breathe a word of anything I tell you to anybody, an' I'll let you know how I git along."

The old man wuz on hand at five o'clock the next evenin', an' I says:

"Well, I guess mebbe she'll take you as long as the children need somebody to look after 'em; but you go over an' see her fer yourself."

So he struck out an' the next mornin' Mis' Snigs come over laughin' an' says she:

"We're goin' to hev a weddin' at our house in two weeks. Huldy's gone up to Rogersville now to git her dresses, an' the Hooper girls is comin' to-morrer to begin on 'em. Well, I reckon the deacon won't find Huldy much like his first wife, as fer as meekness goes, fer I tell you she's got a will like iron, an' he can't browbeat her down, either." So sayin', she left.

They wuz powerful busy the next two weeks, an' no mistake, fer they wuz bound Huldy should hev jest sech a settin' out as the rest of the girls hed.

At first the deacon declared none of the children should come, an' Huldy jest told him they'd everyone come or she wouldn't marry him. So he give in (about the first time in his life), an' said they could come.

The day before the weddin' Mr. Snigs an' Huldy went to the county-seat, Rogersville, an' he made over eight thousand dollars to her as a weddin' present; but it wuz fixed so the deacon nor nobody else could take it away from her.

Well, the weddin' went off real nice an' the children seemed mighty tickled with their new ma; an' I will say thet I never saw anybody any more motherly than Huldy wuz. They hed a nice big house, an' lived right into the edge of town, their farm, of course, extendin' out a good piece. Well, the day after they wuz married, she went out to Mis' Peterson's an' hired Jane, sayin' they'd pay her three dollars a week; so she brung her home with her. Then she went over to Skinner's an' got Jimmie (the deacon's oldest boy), an' said she 'lowed she would hev all the children home.

Now, as I said, they hed a nice big house, but not much furniture. So Huldy, she up an' bought carpets, curtains an' sech like, to make the house look nice. An' the fun of it wuz thet the deacon thought she wuz doin' it with her own money, or rather, her pa's money, and he wuz afeered ef he said anything thet he wouldn't git to handle the rest of it. Huldy tended to everything, an' worked right along; an' as soon as she got things fixed up, she let the children hev company to supper real often.

Well, they got to talkin' about spendin' money, an' Huldy told the deacon thet she an' the girls wuz goin' to hev all the butter an' egg money an' half the money fer the poultry to spend.

"Of course," says she, "you'll clothe us, but we need money often, an' it will save us askin' you every time we want a few cents."

Well, he liked to fainted, an' told her "not by a long shot."

But says she, pleasant, but mighty firm, "I've fixed thet all right—it's settled—so we won't say any more about it; the money is ours."

She said he glared at her dretful, but she never let on; and all at once he yelled out, "Elizabeth never hed one penny of spendin'-money."

She looked him square in the eye, an' says she, "Well, I'm not Elizabeth." He sneaked out to the barn an' didn't say another word; she'd completely squelched him.

An' would you ever think thet anybody thet hed acted so wishy-washy around the men could turn out to hev so much spunk an' sense as Huldy hed? But she did hev a tussel with the old man. I'd 'a' give up an' let him hev his own way. But says she, "I'll make a different man of him or die tryin'."

Now, along in the winter after they wuz married, the deacon had a bad fall an' broke his hip. When they brought him home, he wuz sufferin' terrible pain; so Huldy sent one of the men after the doctor an' the other after Job Hinn, a fellar that wuz powerful handy about nursin' the sick. When Job got there, Huldy took him in the room, an' says she:

"Now, I'm goin' to hev you take keer of the deacon till he gits plum well; an' I want you to do everything you kin fer him, an' we will pay you seven dollars a week an' your board, if you're willin' to work fer thet price."

"Certainly," says he, "I shall be very glad to do it."

Fer all the deacon was sufferin' so, he riz up in bed on his elbow, an' says he, hollerin' awful loud, "Well, you won't git one cent out of me, Job Hinn. You'll nurse me fer nothin' or go right back home."

But Huldy says, "Never mind him at all, Job; I've hired you."

When the doctor come an' set the hip, the deacon fainted plum away. An' after it wuz all over, says he to the doctor, "How long will I hev to lay here?"

"Well," says the doctor, "two months at the very least, ef everything goes all right; an' likely two months more before you'll be able to git around, even on crutches, an' well, we'll say six months deacon before you'll be worth much; fer, you must remember, your age is agin you. You see, you're close onto sixty year old."

The deacon set up, an' says he, "Hev I got to pay Job Hinn seven dollars a week the hull endurin' time I'm a-layin' here?" An' says he, gittin' black in the face, he wuz thet mad, "By the great horn spoon, I'll die fust! Why, its likely to be seventy-five dollars, an' I won't do it; Jimmie an' Huldy can take keer of me."

"Now, see here," says the doctor, coolly, fur he wuz aggervated with him, "ef you hev a few more sech tantrums as this, you're liable to lay here a year or so; you've got plenty of money, an' you can't take it with you when you die, so it don't do a mite of good fer you to fuss about spendin' it."

Fer quite a while after this the deacon wouldn't speak to Job, nor Huldy, either, but they jest went on, one takin' the best keer of him, an' t'other cookin' all sorts of good things to tempt his appetite. But it wuz some time before he got so he'd speak, an' then it wuz very freezin'ly; an' he threw out slurs at Huldy the hull time. Then about this time the bills begun to come in fer the furniture, carpets, an' sech like. Of course, the men Huldy bought the things of knew the old man wuz good fer the money, so they wa'n't in no great hurry to dun him. Well, Huldy told me she thought he'd die or hev a fit; he fairly foamed at the mouth, an' said he wished he'd been struck by lightnin' an' killed stone dead before he'd ever been sech a drivelin' ijiot as to marry an old, hard-headed, wasteful, cranky old maid. Huldy said she guessed ef she'd cared a rap fer the old man, some of the slams an' slurs he give her would 'a' hurt her dretful.

In the meantime, Huldy hed subscribed fer a lot of magazines an' young folks' papers, out of her own money, fer the children; an' of evenin's they'd all be in the settin'-room, readin' out loud. So Huldy asked the deacon ef he wouldn't like to hev 'em come in his room an' read sometimes, to cheer him up.

"No," says he, mighty icy, "when I want to git cheered up, I'll go outside of my own family fer it."

"All right," says she, "jest please yourself."

She often invited the neighbors to supper an' to spend the evenin' with 'em; but ef it pleased the deacon, he never told her, nor thanked her fer a single thing she done fer him.

Well, the next thing Huldy done wuz to buy a pianer fer the girls; this went agin the deacon, although Huldy bought it with her own money. An' the oldest girl, Mary, hevin' a natural talent fer music, got along real nice; an' it wa'n't very long before she could play "God Save the Queen" an' "Come Thou Fount of Every Bless-

ing," without a break. She told her pa how nice she wuz gittin' along, but he was dumb as a oyster.

I went over one day while things wuz kindy stirred up, to take 'em some of my plum butter. I went in to see the deacon, an' he wuz pretty grumpy, so I jest asked him how he felt, an' went out to talk to Huldy. An' I asked her ef she hed any boneset; ef she hed, I wished she'd give me enough to make a couple steepin's of tea fer Ephrum; he hed sech a dretful cold, an' 'lowed mebbe thet'd break it up.

She said they hed lots, so she tuk me up garret with her to git it. Well, we hedn't more'n got up there before she busted out laughin'; an' says she, "Mis' Bowers, I wish you could happen in to-morrer mornin'; but I don't know whether the ruff will stay on or not."

Says I, "Land o' rest! what are you aimin' at?"

"Well," says she, "Alphonso Canton wants Jimmie to go into pardnership with him in the grocery business, each of 'em to furnish a thousand dollars. Now, I'm goin' to make the deacon give it to Jimmie; fer you know, Mis' Bowers, thet boy has earned more'n thet since he's been workin'; and the deacon allays made him hand over every cent of his wages."

Says I, "Huldy, you'll never be able to do it. Why, the very thoughts of sech a thing would kill the deacon outright."

Says she, "I'm comin' over to ma's to-morrer, an' I'll tell you all about it then, fer I will get thet money."

I shuk my head. "No," says I, "thet's too much."

When I got home, I wuz tellin' Ephrum an' says he, "Well, ef she gits thet money, the old man'll either die or turn over a new leaf an' be a different man."

I kep' a-thinkin' all the next mornin' about it, an' wonderin' how she got along. An' when I seen her comin', I wuz all worked up, an' I run out to the gate before she got there, an' says I, "Come in quick an' tell me how you got along."

"No," says she, "you jest come on over to ma's, an' I'll tell you over there, fer she'll be a-wonderin' ef I'm alive yit."

So I went over, an' before Huldy got her things off, we both told her to go on an' be tellin' us.

"Well," says she, "I took him in as nice a breakfast as anybody would want, an' I hed Jimmie go in with me; then I sent Job out to eat his breakfast. I told the deacon how it wuz, an' about the offer Jimmie hed, an' what a good boy he'd allays been; then I told him thet Alphonso Canton wuz a good, stiddy man, an' thet it wuz a good chance fer Jimmie to make somethin' of himself.

"At fust he jest looked at me with thet dretful stony look into his face (thet he allays has ef you cross him the least mite in anything), an' says he, 'You might jest as well save your breath, fer I'll save my money; now, Huldy Snigs ("Skaggs," says I, coolly), this is your doin's, fer Jimmie would know better'n to try sech impidence with me. So I think you've gone fer enough—I expect now to die in the poorhouse—an' nothin' would please me better'n, fer you to shet thet pesky mouth of your'n, an' never say another word to me as long as you live.'

"By this time I wuz madder'n a hornet," says Huldy, "an' I thought it wuz about time fer me to let him know thet I wouldn't allays take them slurs; an' says I, 'So you won't let Jimmie hev thet money when you've got eighteen hundred dollars right in thet desk?" (You know the deacon allays keeps money in the house until he gits a big sum.) An' quicker'n lightnin' I reached under his pillar an' got the key; an' I walked right over to the desk, unlocked it, an' counted out a thousand dollars. An' holdin' it out to Jimmie, says I, 'You take this an' go up to Canton's an' settle thet business, an' I'll settle a few things with your pa before I leave here.' Mind you, all this time the deacon hedn't opened his mouth; he looked like he'd hed a stroke of palsy; an' poor Jimmie looked fust at one an' then at t'other, until I said agin, 'The money's your'n;' then he went.

"Then I turned to the deacon an' says I, 'Now we'll settle this thing, an' I'm goin' to tell you a few facts before I leave fer good. Since I come here, I've tried to do my duty; I've done all I could fer your children, never neglected you, worked, an' hain't wasted a thing, an' everything I've spent has been to make things more comfortable an' home-like; an' I'm sure what I spent hain't a-goin' to break you up, by no means. But you've been so selfish an' stingy all these years thet you don't care to hev any pleasure or to give anybody else any enjoyin time; you killed your fust wife jest as sure as ef you'd pizened her; but you won't kill me by treatin' me mean, I kin tell you thet much, Deacon Skaggs, fer I'm a-goin' back to my own home to live; an' you kin git a divorce on my temper or fer wastin' your money, jest as you see fit.' An' with thet I sailed out of the room without lookin toward him.

"As I shet the door I heerd him holler, kindy feeble, 'Huldy! Huldy!'

"So I opened the door, an' he wuz cryin', an' says he, 'Come here, Huldy.'

"Well, I'm all beat out, when I think of what he said; he asked me to fergive him, an' not leave him. Then he said he'd been a brute, an' ef he lived he wuz goin' to turn over a new leaf an' live fer me an' the childern; an' he told me he wuz glad I'd done the way I hed, fer mebbe he never would 'a' got his eyes opened. I do know I wuz never so got in all my born days; fer I no more expected the deacon to make sech a plum surrender as thet than fer apples to grow on a lilac-bush. An' do you know, I've got the greatest respect fer thet man; an' the childern are thet happy they've done nothin' but hug me an' their pa the hull mornin'. Now, do you know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised ef some day I will actually love Leander Skaggs."

Then says she, kindy blushin', "Well, I must hurry home, fer I want to make some biskits fer the deacon's supper." So sayin', she went off, lookin' real tickled.

Well, me an' Mis' Snigs wuz awful tickled thet it hed turned out so well with Huldy an' the deacon. When I got home I wuz tellin' Ephrum about it; an' says he, "I knowed it; I told you she'd either kill him or make a different man out of him."

An' says he, throwin' up his hands, "Hurrah fer Huldy Mirildy Skaggs!"

A VISIT TO GRACE HOSPITAL.

This magnificent building is situated at the corner of Huron and College streets, and may be ranked among the finest of the city's fine hospitals. A view from the north-western elevation, taken from the round tower of the building is not to be surpassed in this city of magnificent views. The principal characteristics of the building are size and comfort. Even the wards are truly palatial to say nothing of the lecture and board rooms.

The lady superintendent of the hospital gracefully escorted the visitor through the whole building explaining and emphasizing many points formerly misunderstood by the writer. She had always pictured the hospital as wholly a little sugar-coated arrangement, where no surgical operations were performed or definite training given, but instead she found a full fledged school for nurses, a staff of physicians eminently well fitted for their positions, and a general air of up-to-dateness refreshing to behold. The hospital authorities allow the private patients to have their own physicians, and so Dr. Sugar-Coat is frequently brought into contact with Dr. Double-Dose, and both for the nonce are one.

The private and semi-private wards are models of beauty and elegance. These are furnished and maintained generally by wealthy patrons, who have the privilege of choosing who shall be placed therein. The writer would like to make for the readers a word picture of one of these wards that would give an idea of its restfulness and beauty. Picture to yourselves a lofty room, many windowed, the windows being curtained with delicate blinds and dainty muslin curtains. The walls are tinted in that restful shade of blue that drives away the blues and is as refreshing to tired invalid eyes, as a purling stream on the hot and dusty wayside. A few choice engravings embellish the walls. Fire places with mantelpieces lend a home-like appearance to the otherwise almost too large room. The bed-stead with its snowy covering, protected from the gaze of onlookers by a dainty screen, is as light and inviting as the other furnishings of the room. The floor is stained a dark, rich color and the centre covered with a beautiful bluish-grey drugget. This is only an imperfect description of one of the many beautiful wards of Grace Hospital. Surely in such a place, with such surroundings, and under the care of sympathetic nurses, and experienced physicians, what patient could be so ungrateful as to remain sick for any length of time? The prices, including all attendence, for these wards, range from $5 to $15 a week according to location. This figure is low compared with the rates of some of the high grade hospitals on the other side of the lines.

Grace Hospital has its share of free patients. When it becomes known as well as the other hospitals, it will doubtless be crowded all the time. It has only been in existence about two years and wonderful have been the strides made in that time. Through the kindness of Lady Wilson, an elevator has recently been placed in position which adds materially to the comfort of the patients, nurses and visitors.

It was visitors' day when the writer made the rounds, and it was not the least interesting portion of her visit to watch the dear sick ones welcome their friends and relatives. Here was to be seen a wan little child looking up smilingly into the face of her friends and saying, "I'm so much better to-day." In another ward in an easy chair sat a delicate young woman, whom nobody seemed to be visiting, and yet she looked up patiently smiling as the visitors walked past her.

Those very important adjuncts to all first-class hospitals, namely, diet kitchens, have not been omitted, and the institution boasts two, one on the second and the other on the third flat. Thus the dainty dishes can be prepared and served immediately when wanted. Remarks of savory jellies, and light puddings, delicate soups and broths were here made, and the writer nearly wished she were an invalid that the delectable pleasure of partaking might be hers.

An idea of the work necessary to run the hospital may be gauged from the fact that thirteen servants are kept constantly busy. All the heavy cooking, such as large joints, vegetables, etc., is done in the well equipped kitchen on the first floor, and only the food for the very sick ones prepared in the dietary. The appointments of the building are most excellent, the bath and toilet rooms being well accoutred. There are still many improvements to be added to the operating room, but all cannot be done at once, and the directors have found it better to go slowly at first. In time there is no doubt but that the hospital will be fully equipped, and the Board room entirely furnished.

After a pleasant little chat in the cosily furnished apartments of the lady superintendent, the writer withdrew, glad of the opportunity to make known the good work being done in this luxurious home for the sick.—J. WETHERALD.

For The Ladies' Journal.

ROBERT DINGWELL'S CHOICE;

Or, a Bunch of Narcissus.

BY LUCINDA J. BROWN.

"How are you to-day, Hannah," inquired Blanch Maynor pleasantly, as she entered the cosy little cottage of the old nurse, Mrs. Warren. "No, please do not disturb yourself. I just stepped in to wait for a car."

"I am glad you did, Miss Blanch; I have been wishing to see you or your mother all week, but do, Miss Blanch, take this chair."

"What did you wish to see us about, Hannah?" inquired Blanch seating herself. "But first tell me who the lady in black is who entered just before I did. I recognised her as a person I had seen very rudely repulsed in one of the stores where I was shopping. I thought she was soliciting work, and I felt very much interested in her. Is she boarding with you?"

"Oh, I presume you mean Mrs. Percival, the very woman I wished to see your mother about, Miss Blanch," said Mrs. Warren. "She rented two rooms of me and moved in a few weeks ago, and has been trying to get work, but excepting a little plain sewing for me and one good dress she has not been successful. I wish, Miss Blanch, your mother would let her have some plain sewing, and also recommend her to others. Would you mind going with me to her rooms?"

Accompanied by Mrs. Warren, Miss Maynor went for a brief call and was very much pleased with the lady-like manner and address of Mrs. Percival. Later that same afternoon that lady received from Mrs. Maynor a basket of work and a little of the money in payment in advance, which pleased Mrs. Warren almost as much as it did Mrs. Percival.

It was a warm sunny day in May that Blanch Maynor, who was out shopping, chanced to pass a florist's, among whose floral display was a large bunch of Narcissus which attracted her attention. Going in she purchased them. As she went along Blanch thought of Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Warren and how acceptable to each of the women some of those sweet-scented Narcissus might be this early summer morning. With this thought in her kind heart Blanch turned her steps toward the cottage where she was warmly welcomed by its inmates.

"Oh, Miss Maynor," exclaimed Mrs. Percival, as she seated herself beside Blanch, "you have such a beautiful bunch of my sweet namesakes, they are the first I have seen this season. Ah, my dear, what memories they awaken—memories of loved ones long since called away into the 'far off land;' memories of three short years of wedded happiness; of merry, careless hours with my baby girl, who was also named Narcissus as generations of her ancestors were before her. My husband thought they were the sweetest flowers that grew, and he planted a lovely terraced mound of them the day our little daughter was baptized. I had one brother living in the city of S——, who always visited us in our country home when the Narcissus were in bloom. After my husband's death a letter containing the tidings was sent to my brother, but I received no tidings of its having been received. Then my little Narcissus sickened and died, and finding I was left almost penniless, concluded to go in search of my brother who was in good circumstances and unmarried. I went to S—— but failed to find him. His place was occupied by a stranger. I was not successful either in obtaining work and my money was growing less. Then I came here to try to find employment."

"And have you found your brother, Mrs. Percival?" asked Blanch, deeply interested.

"No, Miss, it is now a year since I last saw him. But pardon me, perhaps I detain you?"

"Oh, no, indeed; I wish I could help you. These are for you," said Blanch, who, having unwrapped the foil, now offered her a part of her flowers.

"How very kind of you, Miss Blanch," said Mrs. Percival, burying her face in the fragrant flowers.

Just then there were voices in the hall and a few moments later Miss Sydney was announced by Mrs. Warren.

"Are you Mrs. Percival, the woman who has been sewing for Mrs. Maynor during the past few months," inquired Miss Sydney in no very polite tones.

"I am Mrs. Percival, and I have sewed for Mrs. Maynor," replied that lady, with more dignity and politeness than Miss Sydney had shown.

"Mrs. Maynor commended you to me, and I came to inquire your very lowest terms for embroidery."

"I cannot engage to do any more work at present," was the quiet reply, "therefore presume it is not requisite to explain my terms."

"Certainly not," replied the young lady, haughtily. "If you cannot do the work I am not particular about your terms," and without even a bow the young lady turned to depart.

Blanch, who had recognized in Miss Sydney an old acquaintance, but had been unobserved by her, now came forward and said:

"Good morning, Alice, are you going?"

"Ah, good morning Blanch, I did not observe you before; happy to meet you."

"Alice, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Percival; Mrs. Percival, Miss Sydney," and a wicked little smile dimpled Blanch's rosy lips.

Miss Sydney acknowledged the introduction with a haughty bow, not at all pleased, and after a few words of civility which she felt very chary about offering, took her leave, sorry that she had come, especially as Blanch Maynor had been there.

That evening in their elegant drawing-room Alice Sydney remarked to a gentleman caller, "I was very much annoyed to-day by Blanch Maynor, Mr. Dingwell. I met her where I had gone to make inquiries about getting some sewing done, and the person I went to employ, addressed me as if she were my equal; and Blanch Maynor was there and introduced the seamstress as though she were a very dear friend. I was very much surprised at Blanch presuming to introduce me to a person I had gone to employ. But I am beginning to think Blanch is not very aristocratic in her tastes; or perhaps I am too much so," she added with a slight laugh.

But if Alice Sydney expected to be complimented on her aristocratic tastes, she was disappointed, for Mr. Dingwell sat in deep thought.

For some time Mr. Dingwell had been debating in his mind the all important subject of getting married, and from among all his lady acquaintances had selected Alice and Blanch as the most desirable, but of the two ladies, he was unable to decide which he should honor with his attentions. Each was attractive, handsome and rich, and in many respects his inclination turned to Alice; and how little she thought as she sat there smiling in all her beauty and pride, that her few words had decided her fate as far as regarded Robert Dingwell. So often do seeming trifles make or mar a human life. A woman with such contemptible pride, he reasoned, was not a woman to make a happy home. Will any one say he was wrong?

Mr. Dingwell soon concluded his call and left, and as it was yet early he decided to call on the Maynors. Blanch received him most graciously—indeed, she had been rather expecting him to arrive as his visits were becoming more frequent than formerly.

"Ah, Miss Blanch, what a lovely bunch of Narcissus you have here," she said, presently, going to one of the tables. "I love these flowers better than any others. Narcissus was my dear mother's name."

"It is singular, Mr. Dingwell, but I heard a lady make that same remark to-day, a Mrs. Percival. Can it be possible that you are her brother whom she is so anxious to find?"

"Miss Blanch, I hope your surmise is correct. I have been in search of an only sister for more than a year, and her name is Percival, she is a widow lady."

"There can be no doubt but that my friend, Mrs. Percival, is your sister. Her name is Narcissus, and so was that of her little girl. But how does it come you lost track of your sister, Mr. Dingwell?" inquired Blanch with much interest.

"Before coming here from S—— I wrote informing her that I had given up business in that town, and told her where to address my letters here, but I received no reply. After I was properly established in business here, I made a visit to the town where my sister lived, and there learned for the first time of the death of her husband and child, and that she had gone to S—— to find me. No doubt my letters were lost. I went to my former place of business, but could learn nothing more than that she had been there, nor have I learned anything of her whereabouts since, though I have advertised many times.

"I am happy to congratulate you, Mr. Dingwell, your search is at an end; for from what Mrs. Percival confided to me of her past history, I know she is your sister."

"Many thanks, Miss Blanch, for your pleasant information; and now will you tell me where I may find her, I am all impatience till I make assurance doubly sure."

. . . . . .

"Alice," said Mrs. Harris, a couple of months afterwards to Miss Sydney, "Mr. Dingwell's marriage to Blanch Maynor quite took us all by surprise, he had been looked upon as your special property."

"It has always puzzled me why his attentions, when they were becoming so marked, should so suddenly and seemingly without cause cease," replied Alice.

"I heard it was your treatment of his sister," replied Mrs. Harris.

"His sister! You are laboring under a mistake, I was not aware he had a sister."

"Do you remember a Mrs. Percival whom Mrs. Maynor recommended to us for sewing?"

"Yes," replied Alice, "I remember. Why, she seemed to consider that she belonged to the upper class of society. Oh, how indignant I felt! And Blanch Maynor was there and introduced me as though the woman was my equal."

"I presume she considered she was. Mrs. Percival is Mr. Dingwell's sister."

"You surprise me, Mrs. Harris. I presume Mrs. Percival is very proud now," she added.

"I think not. When I attended Blanch's wedding reception yesterday, I met her and though now differently circumstanced, referred with pleasure to how kind I had been when she sewed for me. No, Mrs. Percival is a real lady, and Blanch is very much pleased that she is going to live with them. I seems that Mrs. Maynor and Blanch both valued her friendship when she sewed for them. Blanch is a noble woman, and as the loved wife of Robert Dingwell will reap the happiness she deserves," replied Mrs. Harris, warmly.

"And that happiness might have been mine but for my contemptible pride!" was the bitter mental ejaculation of Alice Sydney, but she remained silent and Mrs. Harris left her to chew the bitter cud of reflection in silence and alone.

"I was so surprised to see Miss Houghton coming out of a dime museum the other day."

"Well, you see, she is on the committee to find some people who can wear the garments we have been making at our Sewing Society."

For the Ladies' Journal.

A BABY'S CONCLUSIONS.

BY MRS. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON.)

The baby was a month old, and so was the kitten. There had been six kittens, but only one baby. This afternoon the kitten was playing on the floor with a piece of newspaper, and the baby awakening from her sleep peeped out of the shawls and soliloquized :—" There's that kitten playing. I can't play—they won't let me. Ow! I've got a pain—it's colic—a windy spasm nursie calls it. Nursie don't know. Colic sounds much nicer—mother says so. I wonder if the kitten has colic? There were six kittens at first, where can the rest be? Perhaps they had colic and died, or maybe their mother killed them for crying at night. I wonder if babies ever get killed for crying about colic, and about not being walked with? I never thought of that. I'll go very gently to-night till I find out.

"Here comes my grandma. She has a powder for me, so I'll pretend I am asleep. You only get them when you're awake, it says so on the envelope. The kitten doesn't have to take medicine nor wear clothes. Clothes are dreadful—there's so many different kinds of them, and they've got so much train to them. They get pinned onto me with safety pins, and sometimes the pins hurt. Then I cry, and they think I want my dinner. Of course I take it, and then I'm so much bigger that I crowd the pin and it just digs right into me. Then I yell again, and they feed me catnip, and the pin goes on crowding me. Then they walk with me and talk about my temper. I get so tired hearing them back-bite me when I'm too little to talk back, that I just go to sleep. When I wake up I'm better, and the pin isn't so close.

"In the morning they say :—'Now she must be mama's nice, clean little girlie she must,' and so I get washed. The washing isn't bad 'cause you get rubbed, and you can kick and stretch. But when you're enjoying yourself real well, they put on your clothes. I always cry just as hard as I can so they'll hurry.

"In the afternoon they look at me again, and turn me around and say : 'That child isn't fit to be seen!' Then I get another clean dress on. It's worse than the morning one—it's got more train and trimming. Pretty soon callers come, and I get shown to them and they all say who I look like. I don't listen 'cause father said I mustn't or I'd get brain fever trying to decide which one told the truth. I don't want to get brain fever—it's in your head, and I've got to be careful about my head till that soft place closes up.

"At night I get undressed and rubbed. I like that—it comforts me, and I practise smiling and spread my toes before the grate fire. It amuses the whole family, and they act real silly over me—father and all. When I get tired I cry, and then they put my clothes on. I forget about that. Sometimes you see I get undressed because I cry, and then again I get dressed. It is all very perplexing. Sometimes I have an awful cry at night and it makes me so mad to think I have made a mistake. I fight with my arms, and kick, but it don't do any good—they just say 'poor 'itty sing,' and 'where's mama's peaches,' and go right on, but I don't stop crying till they stop dressing.

"It's a good deal more comfortable when you've got your night gown on. It's shorter and doesn't get so bunched up as dresses do. It's the best thing for me to wear when father holds me. He's pretty awkward yet, father is. Mother says I mustn't mind—all men are, and she's sure father means well. Some men won't touch me. They just back off and look frightened. I heard mother laughing about it. She said she was going to hand me to an old bachelor who calls sometimes, and forget to take me back till he got in a dreadful stew. I do hope she won't—I'm so afraid I'll laugh out.

"Some nights I sleep pretty well, and some nights I can't, so I just cry—it's lonely to be the only one awake. Mothers are better to you than other folks when you cry. My mother calls me 'poor little babykin,' 'mama's little pussy-kittens' and 'precious' and sometimes she looks so sorry I just stop.

"Now little girl's fathers aren't the same. They call you by your first name when you cry, and say: 'Come! come! come! what's all this noise about?' And they talk away things that sound like promises only with pricks in them. I don't consider it very good luck for a little girl to keep her father awake at night.

"The kitten 's got tired playing, and she's crying for her mother. Isn't it funny her mother doesn't come quicker when her own little baby cries for her. Mine hurries awfully. Guess I'll cry now to see who'll get here first, mother or Tabby."

(An interval of two seconds and a half.)

"Here come's mother. I've beat. Dear me, how long the cat is. I'd rather be a baby than a kitten even if I do have to wear clothes."

For The Ladies' Journal.

IN THE OLD HOME.

BY L. J. WHITE.

The lowered light flickers faintly in the family sitting room, its uncertain rays lending mystic beauty to the homely place. From the tall, dark cupboard in the farthest corner, they dance away with elfin movements, leaving it in deepest shadow. On the table among the shining knitting needles, the worn spectacles, and the old work basket, they linger lovingly. They brighten the dark, straight-backed chairs, the dingy carpet, the valanced windows, and illumine the face of the old clock.

The door of "mother's room" stands ajar, and on "mother's bed" lies a wan invalid. Through weary, sleepless nights she has lain and watched the quaint old clock as it ticked away the hours, oh, so slowly! Like echoes of voices in scenes long past, comes the steady tick-tock, tick-tock, and with the striking of the hours the events of her life seem chronicled.

One, two, three! She is a child again, a little fair-haired girl holding her father's hand and begging of him to show her how the "clock speaks." Even now she feels his kind, strong clasp, as from his shoulder she looked at the old clock and touched with dainty, dimpled hands its cold, white face.

Tick-tock, tick-tock! Sadly it echoed in her heart. Still a child, she stands by her father's side, but feels no longer his loving touch. Father is dead. The solemn stillness of the shadowed room where he lay settles around her even now, and in fancy she sees herself stealing to the loud ticking clock for company. Father lay still and cold, mother was weeping, but the clock spoke as of old.

Four o'clock! Out of school comes a girl, laughing, rollicking, quarreling, pushing amid a crowd as wild and as happy as herself. Can it be she was once that bright-eyed girl, dancing along with such a happy heart! Running home, kissing mother, then into the room now so quiet; over to the old cupboard for a "piece," then off to the brooks, the birds, and the meadows. Was it only fifteen years ago, or was it fifty? The old clock knows, she is sure. "These old hands pointed to ten o'clock when you were born," it seems to say, "and since then I have ticked away just twenty-five years."

Only twenty-five, and tired, so tired! Will morning never come?

Tick-tock, tick-tock! The worn out watcher rouses, then sleeps again. Whiter and more wan grows the invalid face and the limp hands seem almost lifeless.

Five o'clock! and still so dark. How bright was five o'clock that June morning six years ago! The dew sparkled in the early sunlight; the air rang with wild bursts of melody, the robins twittered joyously. And the garden with its roses,—how lovely it all was! Beautiful with the beauty of promise, and pure and sweet as the hopes that filled her own light heart.

Her wedding morning! With what tender thoughts she had gathered masses of glowing flowers to deck the old home she was leaving. Everywhere she had scattered them,—in the wide kitchen window seat, over the old tables, wreathed round the mantle-shelf,—yes, even the old clock had shared the dainty touches.

Tick-tock, tick-tock! She is scattering flowers again, but oh, the heart anguish! As dead as the roses she plucked that wedding-morn are her earthly hopes and happiness. Husband and baby gone—both gone! Over the double mound the pure white blossoms fall, ere, worn and life-weary she seeks again the old home. Home? Ah, no! Home is with her loved ones, her buried treasures. Soon, so soon, she will go to them.

Grey dawn is creeping in; fainter grows the lamp light, dim shadows hide the clock's face, but steadily it ticks, ticks away the minutes that end the short, sad life.

Six o'clock. The early sunbeams gleam through the eastern window. They light again the old clock's face and fall athwart the sick girl's pillow. The tired eyes smile no welcome, but over the pure, sweet face an answering light has settled. Heaven's morn has dawned, and for her there is no more night, neither is there any more pain "for the former things have passed away."

For The Ladies' Journal.

Legendary.

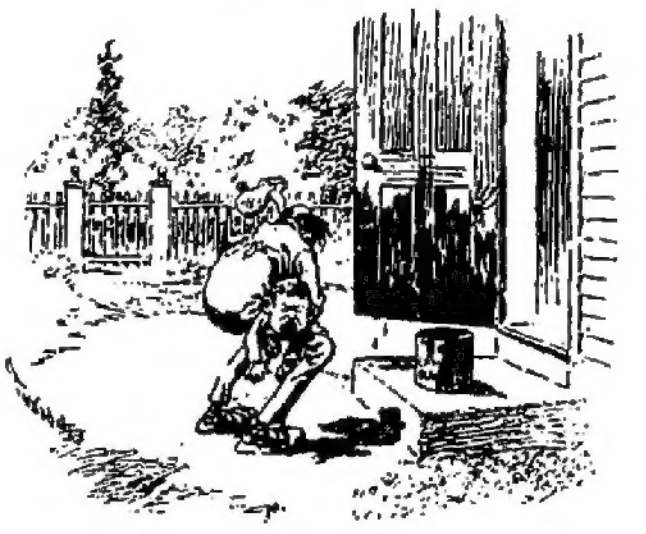
BY ANNIE L. NORRIS.

Have you any account of the strife
That now is convulsing the moon?
I imagine 'tis caused by my wife;
But the case shall be settled full soon.
She satirizes my sphere
'Till I haven't a leg to stand on,
She says it's monotonous here,
But the scenery's very grand on
The Shannon.
O'Gannon,
Her ancestor, lived on the Shannon.

She says that the country we view,
From Killarney across to the Blasket,
Was won by her ancestor true.
Says I:—"Was he found in a basket?"
Her scorn was intense,
But I meant no offense;
Sure Moses was found in a basket.

She says that her ancestors brave,
Were born on the banks of the Shannon.
In regard to the earth I behave
As if I were fired from a cannon.
What gammon!
I never was fired from a cannon!

She said that the blue on the hills
Was the smoke only clearing away;
The resonant murmur of rills
Are the echoes remaining to-day.
That only the bugs were alive,
That mighty explosion to hear,
And that is the reason they thrive,
With never a trace of an ear.
What gammon!
Was told on the banks of the Shannon!



Alphonso will never again darken his father's door

The Ladies' Journal.

The only Paper in Canada devoted definitely to the interests of Canadian Women in all branches of their Home and Public Work.

Published the 1st of the month by

The Wilson Publishing Company, Limited

73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

JANE H. WETHERALD - EDITOR.

Terms, etc.—Subscription Price per annum $1.00. New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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THE WILSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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TORONTO, AUGUST, 1895.

With this issue of the JOURNAL the editor's connection with it ceases. During the three years of her editorial regime she has striven to uphold the interests of women in general, and Canadian women in particular taking as her motto Canada first, last, and forever.

During these three years great changes have been made in the JOURNAL typographically, and it has for the past year and a half been printed with new type, on toned paper, three columns to the page. The first four pages have been prettily illustrated as well as the fashion and fancy work pages. The departments have been many and varied, and filled with matter appropriate to their headings. They include, Home, Culinary, Mother's Page, Hygiene, Elocution, Little Tots, Boys, Girls, Flowers, Fashion and Fancy Work. In addition to these there has been a well assorted collection of miscellaneous reading matter, and an interesting serial story. Stories by Canadian writers have formed a special feature of the JOURNAL, and encouragement has thus been given new and young writers. The departments will be retained and the JOURNAL published on the lines heretofore mapped out. It will doubtless continue to interest its many readers and increase the influence for good already started. We bespeak for its readers both pleasure and profit in its perusal. "Whatever is, is best" and in the spirit of earnest goodwill, the editor reaches out her hand through this brief editorial and clasps in true friendship the hands of the JOURNAL'S many readers, and wishes for them the same consideration and kindness they have evinced toward her.

THE BLOOMERS, LONG MAY THEY BLOOM!

This fertile theme has changed the erstwhile arid desert of School Board discussions into a gathering of live theatrical players with High Comedy the bill all the time. "The bloomers, long may they bloom!" This is not Trustee Bell's toast nor his tea either, but is rather the outspoken opinion of two-legged women. Yes, the new woman has two legs. This may be doubted by some but it's so, for "I've seed 'em," (clothed in bloomers 'tis true, big bouffant bloomers, not born to blush unseen), "and counted 'em, so I know." Please don't tell Trustee Bell that all women have two legs, though, or he won't have a leg left to stand on. He now thinks that only the bloomer wearers have two legs, other women can not possibly have, as they would not be seen in anything pertaining to a divided skirt, it is too immodest. Poor creatures, how can they hold to the fast fading delusion that they are one-legged, when their emancipated sisters, mounted on steeds of rubber and steel go skimming over the asphalt, clothed in bloomers.

When it is proved a necessity for lady bicycle riders to don bifurcated garments, the best method, and one that has already been touched on in these columns, is to choose pretty, graceful, youthful riders to introduce the habit. Then as the tender masculine gradually gets accustomed to the pretty sight, other emancipated women may don the garments and thus the time will be definitely arrived at when all who wish may wear what they wish, providing always that educated, good taste has a reasonable chance to exert its influence.

THE WORLD'S BELL.

What are the tales told by its ponderous tongue? Listen and you will hear it tell of political agitations shaking the great centres of the universe; labour strifes, leaving employer and employee at war with each other; Christian theologians fighting with doctrinal swords, and chanting their songs of triumph over their brothers in Christ; while high above all is heard the scornful laugh of the skeptic as he eagerly watches the conflict.

Wars and rumours of wars float upon our ears; voices of despotic sovereigns, cries of despairing people; plotting advisers, and multitudes ready for rebellion. Murder and theft are rung moaningly upon the air, accompanied by darkest tales of crime and vice of every known description. Then there are discordant tones telling of homes invaded, of loving hearts sundered, of wrecked lives, of countless buds crushed ere the day of bloom! And as the vibrations slowly die away has not our mental vision caught glimpses of splendid misery—the dance of death—the gambling den—the thousand evils crushing poor, frail humanity? And we see, too, the lovely flower-decked homes, whose inmates thoughtlessly pluck the rich blooms, without the care or knowledge that within the shadow of their mansion live weary evil laden souls, to whom a tiny bird would bring a living message.

Wealth and poverty side by side—the rich man in his purple robes; the beggar at his gates. And we hear, too, the sad funeral notes. Princes have been laid low, and illustrious dead have found their last resting place in abbeys already coffined with this world's greatness. Thousands have been swept off by some discord in nature; thousands destroyed by the careless act of a leader.

But let us hush the great world's bell and listen to the low tones of our own little chimes. What do those heart bells tell us? Of unfaithfulness in our work, of uncharitableness toward others, of noble purposes allowed to lie dormant, of selfish thoughts and acts, of moments wasted, of lost opportunities.

It tells us, too, of suffering friends, of vacant chairs, of sorrowing hearts. But while we mourn are there not some joyous notes to be heard? The great world's bell tells of grand political battles gained, of Christian brethren carrying the gospel of peace to heathen lands, of men searching for truth, sacrificing physical comfort to gain physical knowledge. Races down-trodden for centuries are coming to the front; people are compelling rulers to give them freedom; while even from society's festive board we see here and there a noble, courageous soul turning down the wine glass at the dinner.

Great cathedrals and humble churches have seen the merry bridal party pass down their aisles. There has been joy as well as sorrow, weal as well as woe.

And have not our little heart bells any joyful tales to tell us of the past? Ah, yes! There are many. Loving hands have been stretched out to welcome us. The eyes of near and dear ones have met ours with love and confidence, and many a fragrant flower has risen round and about our path to cheer us on our journey.

But hark! The world's bell rings clear and loud, promising better laws, a more Christ-like religion, a purer society, and a grander struggle for truth and right. We see the great in high places reaching the arm of wealth to struggling humanity; the flower-decorated mansions shedding fragrance over the homes of poverty. Hospitals are being built, homes founded, terror banished from our streets, and all ranks acknowledging the part each has to play in the great drama of life. And our little heart bells! Are they not telling us of golden opportunities we may embrace for doing good at home or abroad? And as they sweetly chime, let us lift up our hearts to Him who has said "The greatest of these is charity," and ask fervently for loving mantles to cover friend and foe.

AUGUST'S BILL OF FARE.

The JOURNAL for this month is of more than usual interest, containing as it does stories, sketches, editorials, and well filled departments.

HULDY MIRILDY, a most amusing story (illustrated by J.E. Laughlin of Toronto), is from the pen of F.L. Pitt, a recent writer in Ladies' Home Companion.

A BUNCH OF NARCISSUS, by L.J. Brown, of Meadowvale, is a pretty story delightfully told. Miss Brown has contributed quite largely to the JOURNAL, but none of her sketches have been more acceptable than this.

A BABY'S CONCLUSIONS, by Mrs. Atkinson, is an amusing monologue by His Royal Highness, the baby.

A VISIT TO GRACE HOSPITAL, a sketch of the institution by the Editor.

MISS BAYNE'S CONQUEST relates the experience of four or five Toronto girls, who are encouraged by one Miss Bayne to go into co-operative housekeeping.

WAS HE RIGHT? by Marguerite Evans, is a graphic little love story well told.

ELOCUTION. The department this month contains a capital reading for a church entertainment.

THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS are crowded with the latest and most appropriate matter.

De Profundis, our captivating serial, is given a large space in the August issue.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL'S FIFTH LIBERAL OFFER.

Our Scripture Enigma Competition is interesting hundreds of readers. The prizes gained last month have been forwarded and great gratification expressed. We bespeak increased interest in the fifth liberal offer.

It is the intention of the Publishers of THE LADIES JOURNAL to present one of these enigmas every two months.

Beautiful prizes are offered, the first being a ladies' black cashmere dress; full length, excellent goods.

The second, a handsome gold ring set with gems.

The third, a beautiful gold thimble.

The answers of all those competing will be examined, three things being taken into consideration:

1. Correctness of answers.
2. Neatness in writing.
3. Composition and spelling.

Answers must be written on one side of the paper only and reach this office on or before August 20.

The first letter of the answer to each of the six questions must spell the answer to the heading of the enigma. The Scripture reference (where found) must also be given.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA NO. 5.

Two words which the preacher told his son to write on the table of his heart.

1. That which an ant prepares in the summer.
2. That which his enemies could not find in Daniel.
3. The name of Abraham's great-great-grandfather.
4. That which we are told not to do to our neighbour's house.
5. The days in which the wise man tells us to remember our Creator.

The initials give the one word and the final letters the other.

RAPID EATING.

The sin is not in the eating rapidly but in the imperfect mastication of the food. The tendency in rapid eaters is to swallow the food before it has been sufficiently assimilated with the saliva. But on the other hand slow eating is not conducive to digestion, for it begets a habit of mouthing the food rather than definitely chewing it. Hurried eating is bad, but rapid mastication is advantageous. It concentrates our energies on the act of chewing, and vigorous mastication, which is the main incentive to digestion, is the result. It is well known that energetic chewing stimulates the secretion of the saliva in the most favourable manner. Hence we need no longer envy the slow eater, who mouths his food as Hamlet's players mouth their words.

FANCY WORK

THIS MONTH'S DESIGNS.

We would not have our readers think that we have been neglecting this important department of their favorite journal, but having been overcrowded with matter something had to be left out and choice fell on the Fancy Work page.

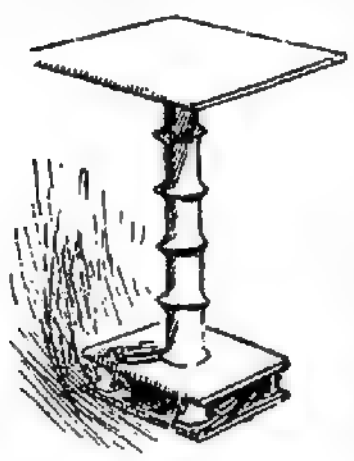
The first design this month illustrates a novel spool stand. Select large spools for this purpose such as are used in large manufacturing houses. Glue these firmly together for the upright post, and for the base cut two spools in two making four supports to which a flat piece of board is glued. A small iron rod passes up through the spools to firmly fasten the top to. This top is then covered with a scarf or fashionable drape and the table is complete.

Crochet Shawl.

This shawl is suitable to be made in ice silk or wool. Commence in the center with four chain, join round.

1st Row: Three chain, one double into the stitch that joins the four chain, three chain,* one double into the next stitch, three chain, one double into the same stitch, three chain, repeat from * twice more, one double under three chain.

2nd Row: Three chain, one double under three chain last worked under, * three chain, one double into center of next three chain, repeat from * all round, increasing at each corner by working twice into the same stitch, continue to work thus for three rows more, then commence the raised patterns, which are only worked on the half of the square which turns over.



A NOVEL STAND.

6th Row: Work as before directed until you have turned the third corner, then work eight chain, one double into center of next three chain, three chain, one double into the center of next three chain, eight chain, one double into the center of corner chain, three chain, one double into the same stitch, eight chain, one double into center of three chain, three chain, one double into center of next three chain, eight chain, one double into center of next chain. The pattern is continued as described, except that in the next four rows the doubles after the chain-stitches for the raised pattern are worked into the doubles between the chain; the increase is made as usual at the corners, but it does not interfere with the pattern.

11th Row: After having turned the third corner, work * one double into the double before the first eight chain, three chain, one double into the next double. Repeat from * nine times more.

12th Row: After having turned the third corner, work one double into center of three chain, three chain. Repeat to the end of the row.

13th Row: Like twelfth row.

In the 14th row, the raised patterns are commenced again after having turned the third corner. This time there will be a greater number of patterns, in consequence of the increased number of stitches; they are worked as described for the last.

Continue to repeat from the sixth to the thirteenth rows until you have made the shawl the size required.

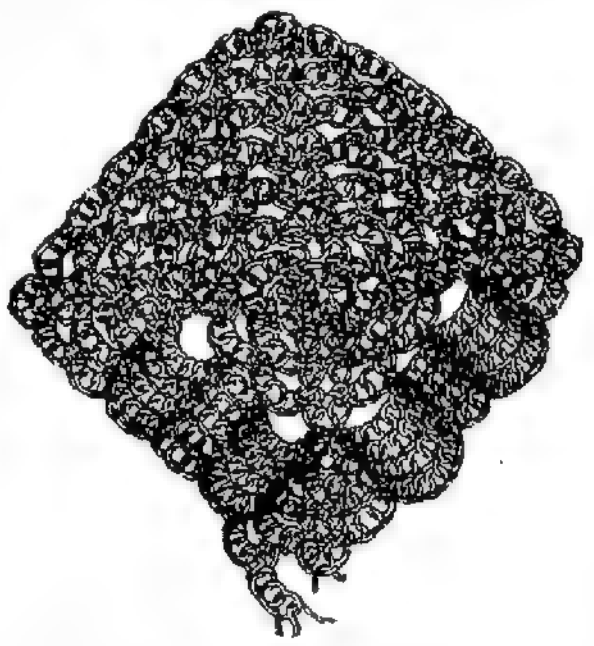
CROCHET SHAWL.

BUTTERFLY DOILY

For the border: After having worked the last repeat of the thirteenth row, work:

1st Row: One double into a stitch, * eight chain, pass over three stitches, one double into the next, three chain, pass over three stitches, one double into the next. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: One double into first double of last row, * eight chain, one double into next double, three chain, one double into next double. Repeat from * to the end of row. Repeat this last row eleven times more.

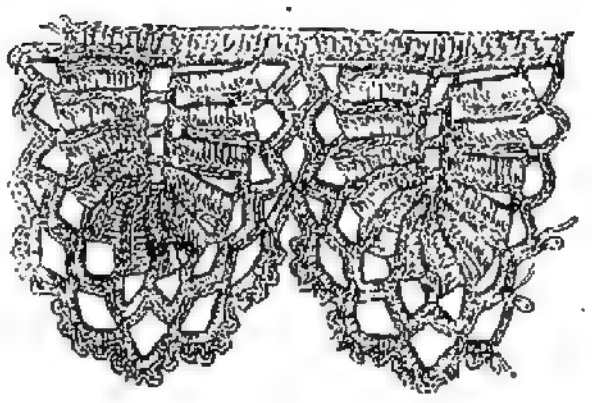


DETAIL OF CROCHET SHAWL.

Butterfly Design for Doily.

To work this very dainty design you will require a square of linen eight inches in diameter. The pillow case linen, which comes fifty-four inches wide, and one dollar per yard—is most satisfactory, though a fine quality of cream white sateen gives a beautiful silky effect when worked.

In transferring the design to the linen, the simplest and neatest way is to place the linen over the design; place on a pane of glass—with two or three spring clothes pins to hold in place—lean against the window and draw in very carefully with a sharp pencil. Do not use tracing paper, it is almost sure to soil your work; is difficult to cover and a wrong line will not rub out. If it is necessary to enlarge the design, draw it on white paper first and transfer as directed.



CROCHETED LEAF LACE.

The scalloped edge and butterflies are worked in long and short button-hole stitch; the eye-spots in the wings with the same stitch, taking each stitch from the same spot at the center of top to the outside of circle. The bars across the under wings are worked in button hole; the veins and antennae in outline, and the body and tiny knob on the ends of the antennae in satin stitch; before working the body it should be "padded" by filling the space with close rows of chain stitch. The honey-suckle is worked in outline stitch.

After cutting out the edge of doily a second row of button-hole is worked into the first to strengthen it and give a more finished effect; then stitches are taken just into the first row.

The pattern may be enlarged for a center piece for which the design is very suitable. It may be worked in pure white, which is always elegant; in golden yellow, or, if a touch of color is preferred, in the natural colors of the flowers, etc. If the latter selection is made, the edge and butterflies may be worked with two shades of yellow, Nos. 504, 506 filo floss. The flowers in pink, Nos. 513, 514 filo floss, and the leaves with green Nos. 581, 582, 583.

Crocheted Leaf Lace.

Commence in the middle of a leaf with 26 ch; miss 6 ch, 1 tr in next st; 3 ch, miss 3 ch, 1 tr in next; 3 ch, miss 3, 1 tr in next; 3 ch, miss 3, 1 tr in next; 14 ch, 1 d c in second of 3 ch last made; turn; 1 d c, 1 ch, 10 tr under the upper half of 14 ch; * 9 ch, 1 d c in second of next 3 ch; 1 d c, 1 ch, 10 tr under 9 ch; repeat from * once more; ** 9 ch, 1 d c in first st of 6 ch missed at the beginning, 1 d c, 1 ch, 10 tr under 9 ch; repeat from ** five times more; then repeat from * to ** three times more, completing the leaf; 2 ch, 1 d c on first foundation st.

Second row—7 ch, 1 d c under 9 ch, * 6 ch, 1 d c under next 9 ch; repeat from * all around, ending with 7 ch, 1 d c on last corner; turn.

Third row—10 d c under each ch loop.

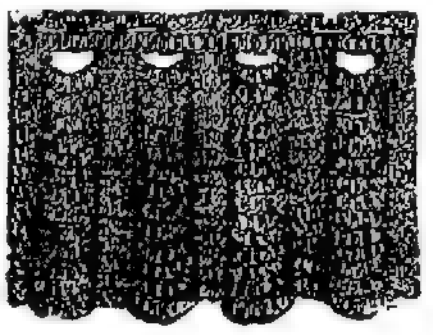
Make each leaf like the one described, joining each succeeding leaf as seen in the illustration. When a sufficient length has been made, finish the outer edge: 1 d c where the scallops are joined to each other; 4 ch, 1 d c in center of next scallop, * 8 ch, 1 d c in next scallop; repeat from * all around, ending and beginning each leaf with 4 ch.

Second row—5 d c under 4 ch; * 2 d c a picot, 2 d c, a picot, 2 d c, a picot, 2 d c, a picot, 2 d c, all under each 8 ch loop.

FOR BEADING.

First row—1 d c in each st.

Second row—1 tr in first d c, * 1 ch, miss 1 d c, 1 tr in next; repeat from * across length.



BORDER FOR CROCHET SHAWL.

THE MOTHER'S PAGE.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful Land of Dreams,
Where lilies grow as white as the snow,
And fields are green and warm winds blow,
And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it is a beautiful place for girls and boys,
Where there's no scolding and lots of noise.
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful Land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful Land of Dreams.
There's horns to blow and drums to beat
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans their feet
And no one ever tries!
There's plenty of grassy places for play,
And birds and bees, they throng all the day—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful Land of Dreams?

For the Ladies' Journal.

Choice of Pursuits.

BY L.J. BROWN, MEADOWVALE, ONT.

Parents are in a great measure to blame for the numerous quacks and humbugs that fill our professions and trades. Children soon give evidence of special talents and suitableness for a calling in life, and parents should critically observe the early propensities of their children. The taste, talents and social position of the child should be considered; the character, success and happiness of life depend upon obedience to this law of adaptation. In disregarding this law, the parent does a great injury to the child, and to society. If unfit for, or disliking an occupation, a man soon becomes unsettled and dissatisfied; it cannot be otherwise. Many parents through a false pride, force their children into callings for which they possess neither talent nor inclination, while some, on the other hand, through penuriousness refuse to give the necessary aid to fit their children for professions for which their talents eminently qualify them. While the parent possesses a right to interfere in the choice of a pursuit, still, his interference should not be arbitrary, unless for special moral or religious reasons. "There are diversities of gifts and of operations." God sends no one into the world without providing him with talents suitable for some profession.

A Child's Manners.

People who have not been well-bred often acquire refinement; but the chances are that one who has not been properly "brought up," as the saying goes, will show the effects of that misfortune throughout life. Consequently it is all important that a child should be rightly bred—that it should be taught politeness, consideration for the feelings of others, self-control and everything that goes toward making up gentlemanliness and ladylikeness.

Nor is it enough that it should be so taught by precept; example is indispensable. Parents cannot be too careful as to how they conduct themselves in the presence of their children. Children, as a rule, are nothing if not imitative. They pattern after their elders, and especially after their parents. "Father does so and so," or "Mother does so and so," is with them an appeal to the supreme court of the family. Those who wish their children to be well-bred must themselves observe the laws of good breeding. A husband who does not always treat his wife with respect should not think it strange that their son is not respectful to her. A mother who allows herself to lose her temper should not think it strange that her children lose theirs. Good breeding, in most instances, dates from the cradle. To have it we must have properly-bred children, and children bred by example fully as much as by words.

The Feeding of Children.

Let each child have its own spoon, cup, knife, fork and other dishes. The uncleanly as well as dangerous custom of chewing the baby's food by the mother or nurse before giving it to the little child is one which should not be tolerated for a moment. The combined mixture of pus from decayed teeth, oral catarrh and suppurating gums, is in the highest degree unwholesome, not to speak of the tubercular bacilli and other disease germs which may be present in the secretions of the mouth.

Wife and Mother.

A wife! A mother! Two magical words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason—always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother: he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

To Mothers.

Teach the children to put articles away after using; begin with the baby. I know a wee maiden of three whose mama has been so particular about impressing her with habits of tidiness and precision that if she sees a corner of a rug turned awry, she toddles to it at once and straightens it out. A thousand steps might be saved, gray hairs and wrinkles warded off, and weary nerves would not become weary, if mothers would only learn not to slave around after the children and do for them the thousand and one things that they might as easily be taught to do for themselves.

When Minnie comes home from school she might as easily go to the hall-rack or her own room, and hang her hat and jacket away properly, as to toss them pell-mell on the sofa or chairs. She might just as easily remove her rubbers in the hall or in her own room, as to kick them off here, there, or some other place, and have all of the family assisting the next time she needs them, in "the rubber search."

When Minnie dresses for school, church, the street, or expedition of any kind, she might just as easily hang her clothes up on the hooks provided, as to let them lay on the floor, yet in nine cases out of ten they are left just as she steps out of them, until mother, sister or maid comes in and hangs them away.

And it is all in the way you begin. Teach the tiny one to put away its blocks, its doll, its toys, and you have inculcated one of the great principles of life and eternity—order.—Margaret M. Moore.

Summer Robes and Pillows for Baby-Carriages.

When Miss or Master Baby goes for an airing in winter there is comparatively little trouble necessary to make him look warm and comfortable. A fur robe, or some material like plush, is all that is necessary, and the same robe does duty all winter long; if it gets soiled it can be sent to the cleaners, for it is not considered needful to completely change the fashion of the robe every little while, and two, or even one, will last for a year or more.

As soon as the warm weather sets in begins the trouble of knowing what to use. Babies must be kept warm, but not too warm, and just what to put over them when they are taking their airing is hard to tell. The lighter fabrics soil very quickly, and it is necessary to have three or four in order to have the perambulator look fresh and neat, as every fond mother wishes it to do. The old-fashioned knitted afghan, which some old aunt is sure to present the baby, is a capital covering, and not too hot, but it does not look well to be publicly displayed. There are the daintiest of carriage robes used now, made of dotted muslin trimmed with lace and lined throughout with blue or pink silk, which look as fresh and sweet as possible. To be sure, they look a little like elaborate bureau covers, but they are eminently suited to look perfect, and, with the little wool afghan underneath, are both warm and cool enough for the summer season. Pique covers are capital, and with a monogram embroidered in the centre and a ruffle of embroidery are perhaps the most useful of any, for they do up well, and with three or four of them a baby's carriage looks as well as the most critical mother could possibly desire. Of course the pillow which goes into the perambulator must be covered so that it matches the robe. With pique or stiff muslin this would not be very comfortable under a baby's head, so that the pillow-slip is generally made of fine linen, and the ruffle of lace or embroidery on it corresponds with the other.

Baby-Caps in Vogue.

Many years ago grandmothers made dainty little caps of muslin, silk or lace, and these adorned the heads of all infants, both by night and by day. After a time baby-caps went out of vogue, and no substitute was ever contrived to replace them.

This seems like quite an unimportant statement, one which may merely recall to the memory of some few elderly people that baby-caps were worn long years ago.

But let us ask, "How many people do you notice, of the age of fifty years or thereabouts, whose ears flare away or set off from the head? How many younger people's ears grow close, or on a line parallel to the head?"

Is it not a strange thing to note that in all these years of study into the means of improving and beautifying the human face and form, no philosopher has given attention to the falling away in grace of the human ear?

Indeed, it is only lately that a device was offered to restore the contour of the head by forcing the ear back into position, and all because baby-caps went out of fashion—those little caps which kept the tiny ears in place until nature held them there through growth.

Keep Medicines Handy.

During the exacting stages of babyhood a woman is wise if she has a well-filled medicine closet, especially if her home is not near a drug store. Any wall cabinet may be used for this purpose, although it is well to have one compartment that can be safely locked, in which the more powerful remedies can be stored. It is wise to have one of the printed cards which come containing printed directions as to procedure in cases of emergency fastened to the inside of the cabinet door. A rubber bag for hot water, rolls of flannel and of old linen, jars of mustard and flaxseed should always be on hand, together with cotton and spirits of camphor. A bottle of alcohol and an asbestos lamp will be useful for heating water, and aconite and belladonna together with ipecac are excellent remedies for sudden feverish colds and croup. In addition to these standard drugs it is always a wise precaution to keep some of the family doctor's prescriptions filled and ready for use.

HYGIENE.

Self-Dependence.

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the star-lit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send.
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me
Calm me, ah compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming great like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all these powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born Voice! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself and know, that he
Who finds himself loses his misery."

—Matthew Arnold.

Caution to Wheelwomen.

In the first place it should be a law to every woman not to ride after the first feeling of weariness comes over her. No ordinary woman who rides for pleasure once or twice a week should do over about 10 miles at a time. The limit of distance is a little more important than the limit of speed which the female frame is capable of undergoing under healthy exercising rules. No woman can keep up a high rate of speed for even a generous portion of a mile and not create the beginnings of injuries. The added strength required to increase your speed even a little after a certain amount of power has been expended is out of all proportion to the results. There is no relaxation of the muscles between revolutions of the pedals, nor any let-up on the nervous and muscular strain while the speed lasts.

When the new "lady wheelman" comes to a hill—a short and steep one especially—she immediately feels that in order to show her ability to ride, she must go up the whole hill without a dismount. For the old and experienced bicyclist, whether man or woman, this procedure is a sure sign of the neophyte, and frequently you will hear a comment on such a rider that "there goes a new one trying to burst a blood-vessel, getting warm, and accomplishing nothing." Indeed, riding up any steep hills is bad, for two reasons: In the first place, it tires you out for half an hour afterwards and makes you extremely uncomfortable, winds you sadly to no purpose, and is a very severe strain on the heart, especially so if yours happens to be a little weak for one reason or another. And in the second place, it deprives you of that most welcome and beneficial rest, the occasional walk in the midst of bicycle-riding. Any one who has tried will at once acknowledge how much rest a little tramp on foot up a hill has often given him, and you may often see a wheelman walking along by his machine simply to give himself and his muscles a little relaxation, even though the ground may be level and the road comparatively smooth.

The fourth of these tenets of the physical side of bicycling is the position the rider takes on her wheel, which in its way, is the most important of all. From the waist up you should neither lean forward nor backward, but sit upright, as any one would in an ordinary chair. The pedals and seat ought then to be so arranged that your feet and legs come very nearly beneath you, in a position similar to that taken in ordinary walking. If the wheel is thus arranged, there will be little or no danger of straining yourself in any way, since you are neither pushing out before you in an unaccustomed fashion, nor are you leaning forward in a position where the arms, chest, and shoulder muscles are out of their natural spheres. Leaning forward is a bad and silly position for men or women to adopt. It has no possible utilitarian view, except the single one that against a head-wind it renders wheeling much easier, as less resistance is offered to the breeze. If the man or woman were training for racing, the case would be different. But as it is there is no more reason for leaning far forward over the handles in an ordinary ride than there is for leaning far over a horse's neck while taking an afternoon horseback ride, simply because horse-jockeys do so in a race. The proper position in bicycling is the common-sense one, and that is the upright and well-balanced one.

The Necessary Medicines.

Do not go away on your holidays without the medicine case, particularly if the little ones are going along, for change of air and scene often produces sudden sickness. The Household gives a list of the necessaries and how to use them.

The medicine case or basket, when prepared for the country, should contain large bottles of ammonia, carbolic acid, vaseline, glycerine, witch hazel, arnica, and listerine, some simple and easily used disinfectant—permanganate of potash is good—a package of powdered borax and one of pure cinnamon.

The last will be found to be invaluable if you chance to be in a neighborhood which is badly drained and there is danger of typhoid fever. It should be steeped, and taken freely as a drink; for it has the power to destroy infectious microbes. Even its scent kills them, while it is perfectly harmless to human beings.

For incipient scratches and slight cuts no more healing lotion can be found than glycerine containing a few drops of carbolic acid. It allays all pain and smarting instantly. If the bones are weary and strained from tramping and climbing, all the joints, the backs of the calves and the thighs should be well rubbed with vaseline, taking, if possible, a warm bath first. After a good night's rest you will feel fresh and ready to start for another day in the open.

Be sure to sleep in a well-ventilated room, and don't be half so afraid of draughts as of being deprived of your necessary allowance of fresh, pure air.

Don't burn a night-lamp unless sickness renders it indispensable; and under no circumstances allow a turned-down kerosene lamp to pollute the atmosphere.

In choosing your abiding-place for the summer, make plenty of sunlight a condition. Insist upon sleeping-rooms that are daily purified by the sun's rays. "North rooms" may sound very cool and attractive, but remember always that they cannot fulfill the conditions of perfect hygienic living.

After a fatiguing tramp the tired body should be prepared for restful sleep by a careful night toilet. If there is no convenience for a plunge bath, the body should be sponged off with warm water containing a few drops of ammonia—if the feet can be left in a foot-bath for ten minutes, it will be all the better; rub very thoroughly with a Turkish towel, and, last of all, refresh the face, neck and arms by spraying with rose-water, toilet vinegar, or any favorite toilet water. Brush the dust out of the hair, and wipe it with a towel; gargle the throat with salt and water and clean the teeth. Sweet, restful sleep should follow this regimen, and prepare you to waken on the new day fit, mentally and physically, for any duty or pleasure that awaits you.

Caring for the Sick-Room.

The sick chamber is too often allowed to grow foul and disordered because of the "tumult" supposed to be necessary in putting it to order. But a great deal in the way of renovation can be done in most cases without seriously disturbing the patient, while the improved condition of things will be more than a recompense. A writer on this subject very aptly says:—"A sick-room that needs cleaning can be made fresh and sweet without sweeping and without dust by wiping everything in it with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which there are a few drops of ammonia. The rugs and draperies (though there should not be any in the room, the doctors tell us) may be put upon the line for a thorough airing and wiped in the same way. The feather duster, which should be banished because it does no real good anywhere except to stir up and redistribute the dust, is especially out of place in the sick-room, where there may be and doubtless often are germs of disease in the innocent looking dust. If a patient is in a nervous state, a screen may be placed in front of the bed while the freshening goes on."

The Care of the Hair.

Of late years hair-dressers' establishments have been freely patronized, showing that women are beginning to appreciate their gift of good hair.

An old authority gives the following method of washing the head:—Once in two weeks wash the head with a quart of soft water in which a handful of bran has been boiled and a little white soap dissolved. Next beat the yolk of an egg and rub it into the roots of the hair, let it remain for a few moments, washing it off with pure water, rinsing the head well. Wipe the hair, then fan till dry. Be careful in drying with the towel not to rub too briskly, as rubbing pulls out the hair. During all this time you should have your shoulders swathed in a large Turkish towel, to absorb the moisture. If you are convenient to a stove, sit near it and have the attendant fan the heated air against your hair, lifting and manipulating it with one hand as she fans it with the other. This treatment leaves it light and pliable, in a condition to yield to any sort of dressing with happy results. The hair so shampooed and treated has a quality of its own unknown to the coiffures of most hair-dressing establishments.

At least twenty minutes should be given to brushing the hair daily, using a brush of good stiff bristle. A great improvement will be noticeable in a short time. A child's hair is too valuable to be neglected. One teaspoonful of ammonia to a pint of water makes a wash that may be used on a child's head daily. It will neither split nor bleach the hair.

It is not best to cut the hair to promote the growth. If the hair is inclined to split, it should be either clipped or singed.

One of the most powerful stimulants for the hair is oil of mace. A strong solution is made by adding half an ounce of oil of mace to a pint of deodorized alcohol. On bald spots it is best to stimulate with a piece of flannel till the skin looks red, then rub the tincture into the scalp. This process must be persevered in daily until the hair shows signs of growing.

Care should be taken to brush the hair upward from childhood to prevent the disfiguring growth of weak, loose hairs on the neck. Strong pearl ash wash kills out weak hair.

MISS BAYNE'S CONQUEST.

For The Ladies Journal.

A Story of Toronto Girls.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a very dissatisfied look which sat upon the face of Miss Bayne, as she sat in the pretty breakfast-room of her cosy residence on Bloor St. Let us look closely at that face, and endeavor to read from it the cause of her perturbation. It is unmistakably a face of intelligence, and yet one would expect to see self-complacency depicted thereon, as there is that in the rather haughty expression of the eyes, and the curves of the mouth and rounded chin, which bespeaks a soul immured in self, and all the world forgotten.

Yet physiognomy is not always to be relied on, and does not speak at all times the language of the soul, else we might all become better skilled in classifying rogues. I fear we are no nearer the cause of Miss Bayne's disquietude than before, and shall have to draw near and catch her soliloquy.

"The same old round of gayety as last year, and the years as far back as '88, when I first left school to take up the duties of life." Those were the very words our President made use of when speaking of us graduates, "leaving to take up the duties of life."

Do I grow better, wiser, of more use in the world as the years advance? No, I was dissatisfied with this idle, useless life the first year I entered it. And yet the conventionalities of society have chained me (much as I hate the bonds) until I have no will wherewith to free myself.

Yesterday as I listened to that sermon, "Go Work in My Vineyard," and Mr. —— pointed out so forcibly the need of workers in life's earnest battle, I felt like a whited sepulchre indeed. What did I mean when I renounced the devil and all his works? Am I not hugging to my heart the works of darkness? Is not sin, positive sin, the outcome of idleness? Have I eschewed the pomps and vanities of this world? I fear I have all along been living a lie before God—yes, I am convinced of it.

When Miss Bayne got thus far she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER II.

Within a shabby room, on the third flat of a tenement house, in one of the most unprepossessing parts of the city, is seated a young girl of eighteen. She is an ordinary looking girl, yet we get a hint of a strength of character not usual in one so young, as we look, and the more we look the hint deepens into a positive surety. The wistful expression tells us that she already realizes that life should have a purpose more noble than she has yet attained to. In a vague way she feels the necessity of this purpose, and is constantly reaching out after something better than has yet come to her.

If we look at that part of her surroundings which are her own especial belongings, we cannot fail to be struck with the incongruity between them and the furnishings of the room. The latter evinces a somewhat peculiar appreciation of artistic effects, its single window drape being enough to shock the taste of a true artist beyond recovery. While the dainty crayon sketches, the delicate appendages of toilet, and the neatly bound books, though limited in numbers to the minimum requirements, bespeak a taste naturally refined. Among the books are Moore's, Whittier's and Longfellow's poems. The girl sits pensively pouring over a sensational novel, which one of the factory girls had lent her. She has little taste for such literature, and feels a disgust with herself after perusing one of them, and yet having so few resources, she allows herself to be thus amused at times. Let us hope that her taste may not become vitiated, but rather that since her education is inadequate to admit of her understanding what her true desires and aspirations are, she may meet with some friendly advisor, who will pilot her out from among the dangers that surround her, and teach her to know herself and her God-given possibilities. Presently she is joined by a slightly older girl who bears herself proudly. No one could look on her face and not pronounce it handsome. Her glossy black hair, and jetty eyes are relieved of their bold effect, by the softness of the skin, and rich bloom of the cheeks. The new-comer's name is Adela Addison. She is a staunch friend of Laura Hill's, and these two girls with different tastes to gratify, can sympathize with each other's inability to gratify them. Adela has a passion for music which was inborn, but she has never been able to gratify her desire to study it. She never lost an opportunity of hearing it, and this often led her to go to questionable places with very questionable company. She felt that this was wrong, and might have been persuaded to give it up, had any one presented to her the effect that these deviations from the path of recitude were likely to produce on her moral character, to say nothing of the stigma that might attach itself to her good name. But thoughtlessness is ever present with the young, and poor Adela was sowing the seed of that whose fruit would undoubtedly bring to her much bitterness of soul.

Laura was not pleased with the course Adela was pursuing, but being young and inexperienced herself, was incapable of presenting the results which were likely to accrue from it, in their true hideousness. Laura was much disturbed that Adela, who was all animation, whenever a prospect of a night at opera or some other place of amusement, offered itself, would return in high spirits, which were quickly replaced by a sullen moroseness, which would take possession of her for days, and render her anything but an agreeable companion. To-night she wore a more thoughtful face than usual, neither buoyant nor sullen, whose alternate expressions were becoming habitual to it.

She drew a chair close to Laura and threw her arm affectionately around her. "Do you know, Laura, said she, I have been thinking if I could afford to rent a piano, I might in time learn to play without a master. Not so well, of course, but some day I may be able to take lessons of a master, and in the meantime to have a piano would give me a chance to try my skill at learning. The few friends I have, who know anything about it, think I have a correct ear. And I could play, when quite a little girl, the hymn tunes for Uncle Joel to sing by, and he thought I did pretty well. If you could only know how I feel about music, Laura, you would not begrudge me the few crumbs I can pick up."

"I do not begrudge you one mite of comfort in any way Dell, and you should know that by this time. But I can't bear to have you go out with that Joe Higgins, nor to see you go to places where coarse jokes and jugglery form the bill-of-fare, with some trashy music thrown in. I more than half believe you hate yourself for it, after it's all over. Come now, don't you?"

"As if I'd hate myself, when I'm the only person there is to love myself," said Dell. "I want one lover and since Joe Higgins does not suit you, I guess I'll give him up. I'll try to get a piano to take his place for company. But you have not told me what you think of my plan."

"I should like anything that could give you pleasure," said Laura, "providing it does not make you cross as a bear, and always providing Joe Higgins does not share it with you. But can you afford to rent a piano? It would cost quite a sum I daresay."

"Well to tell you the truth, Laura, I have no idea what it will cost. But we can take fifteen minutes of our dinner-hour, and step into Gourlay, Winter & Leaming's and soon find out."

"I hope you will be able to afford one, Dell, I'm sure," said Laura. "And Dell, if you find you can't afford to pay all the rent, I'll add my wee mite, and then I'll feel entitled to listen as often as I please."

"You silly goose. As if I'd let you. Of course I'll expect you to be sole audience at my recitals, but your ticket will be complimentary every time. If you refuse, perhaps I can persuade Joe Higgins to drop in occasionally just to criticize."

"Oh! I'll come, I'll come. Never fear," said Laura.

"See that you do, you wee mite, and keep your bits of silver to buy your precious books with."

"Well, I'll buy you a music book. See if I don't."

The two girls were quite happy in their anticipations, and felt the old confidence, which had somewhat abated lately, returning. Adela had taken a step in the right direction in her promise to discard the objectionable Joe Higgins, and Laura was well pleased with her.

CHAPTER III.

In one of the principal stores on Yonge St., Toronto, two girls, who are employees, are talking of something that had transpired that morning.

"I don't believe I'll go," said Sue, "I suppose it's a prayer-meeting or something of that sort, with a bun or a lobster thrown in. She would never ask us to her house just for the pleasure of our own precious company, so it must be for the good of our souls, while she'll take it for granted we'll be next door to a transportation of delight, that such a grand dame condescends to pray for us. She had better save her prayers for her own set, for goodness knows they need the prayers of every minister, Sunday School teacher, and Salvation Army Captain in the city, besides her own, which won't ascend very far I dare say. I'd have Miss Bayne to know that I go to church regularly, and say my prayers, when my room is not too cold, and that is as far as my religion goes, and hers is pretty well on a par with mine."

"Oh! how you do go on," said Jennie, "and you may not be right at all. I liked the lady's looks, and she was not at all patronizing like some of them are. I wonder if she asked Dell and Laura, I saw her talking to them."

Yes. she had asked Dell and Laura; had given all the girls car tickets, and asked them to spend the next evening with her.

"I think she is a sweet lady," said Laura, "and who knows but she'll play the piano for us, Dell?"

That brought rebellious Dell over at once, and established her in favor of them all (six in number) as a party, accepting the invitation, which though given in such an affable way, afforded ground for suspicion, inasmuch, as that ladies of such high social standing do not often diverge from the well-beaten path of conventionality to entertain, with open-handed hospitality, poor shop girls, whose toil-worn fingers and uncultured conversation, please not these fastidious devotees to dame fashion.

"Well, I suppose she can't spring a mine on us, anyway," said Sue, "and I'll keep close to the old dame, so that if harm comes to me she'll suffer too, and if we were to die we'll each die in good company. But I tell you, girls, if she talks religion, I'll ask her every question she asks us. How often she says her prayers, if she reads novels, and if she crimps her hair on Sunday."

"And if she lectures us about having young men dangling around after us, I'll ask her if she

knows anything of the sweets of having a dangler, who will buy her ice-cream, lolly-pops and candy, and take her to the Musee and Opera whenever she wants to go. Now, see if I don't!"

"O, no you won't," said Dell. You're too modest. You'll sit in a corner and blush whenever you're spoken to, and if Miss Bayne asks anything about your young man, you'll deny having one, I daresay." The girls all laughed at this sally, for it was well known that Sue's bark was worse than her bite. And that she would be the last one to wound any person's feelings.

CHAPTER IV.

The scene opens in the home of Miss Bayne where the girls are assembled in full force. They were received in the drawing room by Miss Bayne herself, who was arrayed in a neat, tasteful gown, and looked very attractive indeed. She had arranged her toilet a la mode, with that nice precision which was characteristic of her, not to please beau monde, but these young girls. She knew that they had a fairly accurate knowledge of the manner in which ladies of her standing usually dressed, when receiving guests of equal standing, and she fancied they might be on the alert to find cause against her good intentions. She was most anxious to gain their confidence, for on this depended all her plans for their future good, and allowed nothing to deter her from making the exact preparations for their entertainment as she would have made for more distinguished guests.

She was always self-possessed, and the quiet grace of her manner made the girls feel at home at once. She tried to make them feel that she was pleased that they had accepted her invitation and displayed nothing of the patronizing element some of the girls had predicted. One would never surmise from her manner that she had studied for days on the question as to how she might receive and entertain these young girls in such a way as to disarm any unjust suspicion that might arise in their minds, as to her motive for inviting them into her home.

Her quick woman's wit soon told her she would have to deal very cautiously with Sue and Dell. She set herself to master the intricacies of the peculiar traits of character brought before her, with a nice discernment that might have surprised a connoisseur in such matters. She felt that this was a positive necessity to the success of her plans, and it required no little effort on her part to gain anything like a true estimate of each separate character. There is much of the superfluous in the average girl-nature that has to be rubbed off before one can arrive at the true worth of her composition. Unless one has peculiarly analytic abilities, or possesses great perseverance and tenacity of purpose in analyzing female character, he or she is likely to give up in disgust before the true result is attained. If they only have patience and dig deep enough they might often discover a gold mine underneath the rubbish.

Miss Bayne, although not fully realizing the difficulties in hand, had more than an inkling of their presence, and endeavored to play her game carefully. She discovered Laura's taste for literature, and with it her inability to select the course of reading best suited to awaken and preserve an enjoyment of what would be truly beneficial to her.

The question of books took them to the library to examine some of the works in Miss Bayne's possession. The girls were delighted with the cosy room, with its cheerful grate, and immense rows of beautifully bound volumes.

"This is what I call my lending library," said she, pointing to a row of small books. The girls did not know these had been carefully selected and arranged as books suitable to the understanding of immature minds, and as being of a pleasant yet didactic character, and christened the day before, but such was the case.

"Now, if any of you would care to read one, you might call and return it, when you have read it, and carry away another, and I should be pleased if you would talk it over with me. I have read them all, but to remember a work one must discuss its merits and de-merits with some one else who has read it. That is the only way to retain it, I think, unless one makes a thorough study of it. Don't you think so?" she said, turning to Laura.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Laura, "I have so few books I have no difficulty in remembering their contents, but if I had so many as you I might easily forget them."

Generally speaking, one seldom grows so much in love with one as to be unable to leave him for others equally attractive. I find it diverting as well as instructive to have many loves in this matter. You see if you grow attached to a person, on account of his goodness, and the beneficial results that goodness has on you, it is really that quality you have learned to love more than the person, and you can the more readily recognize and appreciate that particular quality in others. And just as it is more beneficial to know well many good persons, rather than one, so it is more beneficial to know many good authors, rather than one, for we, as individuals, are narrow, and it is only by meeting with different phases of character, whether in books or out of them, that we broaden our ideas of life, as it is and as it should be."

"But what about bad books and people," said Sue. "I suppose we should take them in Homeopathic doses."

"We, none of us, need to cultivate the bad in our natures," said Miss Bayne. "And just as a good book, or the society of good persons, leaves a good impression on the characters we are forming for ourselves, so a bad book, or the society of vicious people, will leave a bad impression, unless they are sufficiently bad to cause moral nausea, in which case it might have a salutary effect."

"Oh, I see," said Laura. "I never thought of our having a part in forming our own characters, nor of the effect of bad books and associates on them."

"I suppose you'll be cutting my acquaintance," said Sue, "now that you are enlightened."

Miss Bayne smiled. "I do not think you bad enough to contaminate, Miss Sue, as we, your friends, well know. But you might make that remark before some who would take you at your own valuation, instead of your intrinsic value, and thus you would damage your own character."

Sue looked a little crest-fallen, but that term "your friends" tempered the admonition so that it was quite palatable.

When they returned to the drawing-room Miss Bayne played the piano for them. She selected a few simple airs from some of the old masters and sang some simple Scotch airs. The quality of her voice was not rich but quite pleasing, and cultivation had enabled her to make the most of the little talent she had. In the midst of her playing a servant announced supper and they repaired to the dining-room. The table was beautifully decorated with choice flowers as well as viands, and never had the girls been treated to anything like this before. The beautifully lighted room, with its snowy linen, dainty china, sparkling silver, and the delicate dainties prepared for them, together with their elegant, smiling hostess, formed a strong contrast to the sloppy meals daily served up to them at a third-rate boarding house.

The smiling faces around the board was not the least pleasing feature of the repast to Miss Bayne, who was thoroughly enjoying the evening. She found out that the girls had one taste in common—the love of flowers. They could not suppress their admiration of the floral decorations of the table and Miss Bayne directed a servant to make some cuts for each of the girls, from the flowers in the conservatory. "But stay," she added. "I believe it would be more satisfactory to go to the conservatory ourselves and make the selections." The girls' happy faces were answer enough that this suggestion was pleasing to them, and after supper thither they went. On entering, the girls (and what girls would not?) went into raptures over the fragrant clusters. "Oh! Isn't this lovely?" "and this!" "and this!" were heard on every side, and Miss Bayne smiled, well pleased to think that she was the means of putting so much pleasure into the lives of these young girls whose dreary days were made up of more of the thorns than the flowers of life. Each girl became the happy possessor of a few choice cuts from the flowers she loved best, and with these treasures in hand they returned to the drawing-room.

Here Miss Bayne made two discoveries, viz.: that Sue had a beautiful voice, as well as a giddy head, and that Dell had a passion for music. She learned this last from Laura, and in spite of Dell's reticence on the subject, she was led to see, before the evening was over, that God, who fills the willing hands with resources, had put into her hands for guidance and direction a genius. May she fulfill the trust.

CHAPTER V.

In a neat and tastefully furnished house on Beverley street, is assembled a bevy of girls, so different in look and manner, yet so alike in apparent age, that we judge they are not branches of the same parent stem. The notes of one of Chopin's soul-stirring preludes fall on our ear, and as we turn to the performer we recognize Dell. Her beauty has heightened and softened since we saw her last, but we know her. She turns from the piano to beg a song of Sue, who treats us to Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber." We look around for other familiar faces and discover Laura. But the other faces are strange to us and we beg of Laura to explain.

"Why, you see," says Laura, "Dell, Sue, and I formed a joint stock company nearly three years ago and took up housekeeping. We were so digusted with our way of life, and Miss Bayne, who suggested the plan and furnished the house for us, thought it would help us much to be together, where we would have a quiet place for study. Then as we each try to influence other girls for good, there are a great many who come to us for board. We could not do this without a housekeeper, of course, and we have a very good one who was recommended by Miss Bayne and a real mother she has been to us. Miss Bayne spends a day with us once a month and any knotty problem that I cannot solve I carry to her and never fail to get a solution. I have a position as journalist, Dell has a large class of pupils on piano, and Sue is head saleswoman in a large millinery store. She also has a position as soprano soloist in ----St. Methodist Church choir, where she gets a good salary. She expects to graduate in voice at the Conservatory this year. We are very happy here, with good music, literature and particularly with good company. I think a third-rate boarding-house would kill me now."

We leave Beverley street for Bloor and find Miss Bayne taking leave of a distinguished clergyman at her own door, and catch her parting words: "I am sorry to grieve you, Mr. Pettit, but I feel that God has given me my life's work right here, and when I note the results of my feeble efforts to serve Him, I am overwhelmed with a sense of my unworthiness in becoming the recipient of so many blessings. You will find among good worthy women one who will fill the position you offer me, and discharge the duties incumbent on them, much more fully than I could. But I cannot trust my flock in other hands until the Master calls me, when I doubt not He will find some one to take up the work where I lay it down, for it is a fruitful field and worth much sacrifice.

—For The Ladies' Journal.

WAS HE RIGHT?

BY MARGUERITE EVANS.

IN a daintily furnished parlor, every part of which from the modest carpet on the floor, to the well chosen pictures on the walls, the poetical works of the best English authors on the table, and the classical music on the piano, gave ample evidence of a refined, cultivated taste, sat a fair young girl, engaged with a piece of artistic needlework.

That her mind was not on her work was quite evident from the far away look in her violet eyes, as she mechanically passed the needle in and out through the soft folds of the silken material which she held in her slender hands.

Suddenly the door bell rings, and a voice which she well knows, asks if Miss Violet is in, then a quick step comes to the door, and she rises to greet one who has been for six months a very dear friend, but who, for some unaccountable reason, has not yet asked for the privilege of being more than a friend.

The newcomer is a young man apparently about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. Rather above medium height, and although not strictly handsome, yet with a sort of winsomeness about him which makes him a universal favorite. His white neck-tie and a certain indescribable clerical bearing proclaim him to be a clergyman, although it is not exactly a pastoral call which he is making on this young lady. His grey eyes are glowing with suppressed excitement as they look down tenderly upon the graceful, petite, white-robed figure beside him, and if he presses the little hand more tightly, and holds it longer than Mrs. Grundy permits, what about it? She is not there to see; and besides, does not all the town of S——. look on them as plighted lovers?

But that is just the trouble, they are not plighted lovers, and honor seals the young man's lips so that they cannot speak the words of love which his eyes, less under control, have spoken to her and to the world thousands of times.

Gently leading her to a sofa and seating himself beside her, he says, "Violet, pardon my boldness, but I want you to be my father confessor to-night, and either bid me do penance for all my future life, or else absolve me and make me happy, just as you shall deem right."

"Me, Mr. Stewart! I cannot, what right have I to decide for you?" exclaims the girl in great surprise.

"You have the divine right of our mutual love," is the answer, "and you must decide."

She attempts to go away but the imploring look in his eyes hold her fast.

"Violet, pardon me, but you must listen; I am in one of the most trying positions in which any man can be placed. I love one woman with all my heart, and for the last seven years I have been engaged to another. What am I to do? I am a minister of the gospel, and as such should walk circumspectly, so as to be an example to others, but I am only a man. How can I promise to love and cherish one woman, while my whole soul cries out for another? It cannot be right, it would be acting a lie, so long as we both should live. I can't do it, I won't do it. Violet, Violet, speak to me and te'l me that it would be wrong."

The girl does not answer, she sits or rather reclines on the sofa, a poor, crushed, broken Violet, her faith both in God and man badly shattered. What! he, her prince among men, her standard par excellence of all that is good and noble. He false! False to her, winning her love under false pretenses, bestowing upon her attentions which rightly belonged to another; and yet, she was rightly punished, she had set him up as an idol and worshipped him, and her idol was not of gold as she had fondly imagined, but of the very basest of clay, and yet if not him, whom could she trust? and her heart responded sadly. No one.

Stung to the quick by the look of hopeless misery in her eyes, the young man sprang to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room with rapid strides. Suddenly stopping before her and possessing himself of both her hands he said, "Violet, speak to me, be as angry with me as you will, but do not despise me for my weakness. How could I help but love you? I was wrong, I see it now. I have seen it all along. I should have acknowledged my engagement, and yet I was not wholly wrong either, for I was anxious to be married when I first came here, and wrote to Miss Wheeler urging her to comply with my wishes. For some reason or other she refused, and after a month I wrote again, urging her still more strongly, for I had seen you then my darling, and knew my danger. She still refused, giving as her reason that she could not leave her mother, who was old and feeble and refused to leave the old homestead. What was I to do? Her refusal did not make me miserable as it should have done. I could not avoid seeing you constantly unless I left S.——and forgive me, Violet, for causing you pain, but I did not wish to leave here. I could not tear myself away from the sight of your face dearer to me than anything on earth. I kept hoping against hope that Miss Wheeler would release me from my promise, but to-day that hope, slight as it was, has vanished. I have received a letter from her saying that she has at length made up her mind to comply with my wishes, and adds that she would like me to visit her at my earliest convenience.

"Now what am I to do? I am bound to her by every tie, but the one which alone makes marriage sacred, that is love. I can never, never give her that and the question is, would I not be doing her an irreparable injury, if I were to marry her under such circumstances? Would it be following the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you,' for would I or any other man, think you, wish to marry a woman whose whole heart belonged to another?"

"But a promise, Mr. Stewart, you know you have promised her and a promise is a sacred thing," interrupted Violet anxiously.

"Yes, yes! I know what you and all the world would say," returned the young minister somewhat impatiently. "A man must keep his promise at whatever cost, a woman may always break hers with impunity. For a boy's mistake I must pay a man's penalty. I engaged myself to Miss Wheeler before I knew the meaning of the word love. I was brought up with her as a brother might have been, and she always seemed to me like a very dear sister, for I had none of my own. My mother was dead, and my father was a cold, stern man. But during my first term at college, one of my friends whom I had taken home with me to spend Xmas holidays, fell seriously in love with her, and confided to me his intention of proposing to her. This filled me with angry dismay for I had always looked on Bella as my own especial property. I began to reflect that she was not my sister, not even my cousin, and that I had not the slightest right to control her actions. I could not bear to give her up, so I asked her if she would wait for me until I was through college and then be my wife. She said she would, and our engagement was announced. My father and a number of my friends warned me of the danger of a long engagement, said I might change my mind or she might change hers, we were both so young, but I would not listen. "It was only weak-minded people," I said, "who changed their minds." Often and often since I have bitterly regretted that I did not take their advice, for if I had done so, Bella would in all probability have been happily married years ago, for we were never really lovers, and of our future life together we never spoke, it always seemed like something away off in the future. Of her inner life, her thoughts and feelings I know nothing, nor she of mine. When I graduated and received the call to S.—— here, I wrote to her at once asking her to marry me, because it seemed the proper thing to do, not that I felt any desire for the consummation of our engagement. She refused then while it was yet time, but now that it is too late she consents."

"It is not too late!" exclaimed Violet passionately, starting up. "How dare you say such a thing? If you have one spark of manhood in you, go and marry her at once if she will have you, and let your whole future life be an atonement for the wrong you have done her in the past. You a man, a preacher of the gospel, keeping a girl waiting the best years of her life for you, and then forsooth because another face takes your fancy, you cast her off as you would an old coat, and while she is performing a devoted daughter's part toward an aged mother, you, instead of visiting her, and trying to lighten her burden as it is your bounden duty to do, pass your leisure hours in winning another girl's heart which would no doubt be cast off in its turn, for 'False to one, false to another' is a motto which rarely fails."

"Violet, you are unjust."

"Better be unjust than treacherous," is the stinging reply.

"I am not treacherous, but I should be if I were to do as you say. Would it not be the basest treachery to deceive one of the truest hearts that ever beat, by conforming to the world's code of honor? I shall go to Miss Wheeler and tell her the true state of my feelings. I shall not insult her by thinking that she would hesitate even for a moment in releasing me from my engagement. You are my heart's true mate, and you know it; whether you acknowledge it or not. When I am free I shall ask you to be my wife. And I hope and pray that you will answer as your heart, and not your pride dictates." And so saying this strange wooer left the room.

. . . . . .

The next evening we find Mr. Stewart seated in an arm-chair, in a plainly furnished, but homelike sitting room of a rambling farm-house. He has just arrived a few minutes previously and is awaiting with considerable uneasiness the entrance of his betrothed. Soon she enters and going up to him gives him her hand, an unusually large hand by the way, and showing marks of toil, saying cordially and without any embarrassment, "How do you do, Charlie, I was partly expecting you to-day. You received my letter I suppose?"

Then without waiting for a reply she talks on as she would to an ordinary acquaintance. How did he find his father? How does he think the crops are looking? What delightful weather they have been having lately, and so on. And looking at her in her perfectly fitting brown cashmere dress, relieved only by spotless cuffs and collar, and a small gold brooch, her brown hair smoothly combed and coiled low on the back of her head, every line of her plain and somewhat careworn face expressing goodness and benevolence he thinks: "What an excellent wife she would make—for some other man."

After awhile she says, still without any embarrassment, "Charlie, I have been thinking for a long time that it was foolish in us to keep up the farce of being engaged. It was all well enough when we were younger, but now it seems to me that it is time we were done with such childish nonsense, we have been brother and sister always, and shall be still I hope. It was that I meant when I wrote to you that I had at length made up my mind to comply with your wishes, for surely you wish our engagement to end as much as I do," she asks, anxiously looking up into his face with her penetrating grey-blue eyes.

"Yes! perhaps it would be best. That is if

you wish it," he stammered, too much surprised at the turn affairs have taken to be able to collect his thoughts. Then the calm voice goes on.

"You will find some one better suited to you than I am, you may have done so already, and if so, I shall gladly welcome her as a sister. As for me, I am wedded to this old farm, and I shall never be happy anywhere else. My interests are centered in my horses and cattle and fowl, yours in your congregation and society generally, so we two should never be able to pull together in the one yoke, and if we were foolish enough to attempt it, life would be one continued regret. I am thankful that we have found out our mistake before it was too late."

Then she holds out her hand, saying, "Charlie, my dear brother, good-bye; excuse me for leaving you so abruptly, but my mother is ill and requires my constant attention."

He clasps her hand tightly and looks into her eyes as if to read her very soul, but the brave eyes do not shrink from his gaze, then with a kiss on her forehead such as a brother might give, and a murmured, "God bless you, and make you as happy as you deserve to be," he leaves her, and walks under the solemnly reproving stars to his father's home.

Well for his piece of mind that he cannot see what is passing in the room he has just left, where a woman suddenly grown aged, has thrown herself on her knees by the chair on which he sat, and with streaming eyes is praying for strength to bear the cross which now seems so heavy.

Well for him that he cannot hear the choking words which burst from her pent up heart. "To know that he never truly loved me was bad enough, but to give him up altogether, how can I do it? And yet it is better so. I am not a fit wife for him. Better far to suffer now than live to be an unloved wife, that would kill me. I doubt if he would have made me his wife anyway; he certainly would not if he had understood his own feelings, his nature is too honorable for that. So I have perhaps saved myself from the humiliation of being asked to release him from his engagement;" and, comforted by this reflection, she rose, composed her features and went in to see her sick mother.

. . . . . .

Four months later there was a quiet wedding in the town of S.——The bride was dressed in lustrous white silk, but instead of the orthodox orange blossoms, she wore, in her hair and on her breast, fragrant, sweet smelling violets, the exact color of her eyes. These violets were the gift of a very dear friend from the country who, on account of the illness of her mother, was unable to be present at the wedding.

Listen to Your Own Voice.

It is a very interesting feature of the phonograph that it "the giftie gi'es us" to hear "oursel's" as others hear us.

We are apt to think that we know the sound of our own voices. This is a great mistake, as we soon find on hearing the machine for the first time repeat something that we have spoken into it.

People often say, "It is not in the least like my voice. I am sure I do not speak like that." But when friends all assert positively that the resemblance is perfect, there can be no reasonable doubt that their judgment is correct.

The reason why we do not hear our own voices as they are heard by others is simple and obvious. The speaker's organs of hearing are, if we may so express it, in the same box as his vocal apparatus; his audience's ears are outside and apart from the box.

Not only do the vibrations, which his voice sets up in the air, act upon his ears as upon those of his audience, but his tympanum receives other vibrations through the material substances of the body.

If we stop our ears with the fingers, we can hear ourselves speaking distinctly, though we cannot hear the voices of others in the same room.

There is something unpleasant and uncanny in sitting down and listening to a speech in one's own voice, with every little accent, error and hesitation faithfully reproduced.

Religious Instruction of Children.

A Few Home Suggestions.

In a recent article in the Metaphysical Magazine, Abby Morton Diaz, a well known authority on Child Training, descants at some length on the above subject.

The matter is one of paramount importance, although, strange to say, enlightened nineteenth century people have not yet found it so. Women marry and are given in marriage without so much as a thought about their suitability as mothers, and question lightly the moral worth of the man who is to be the father of their children.

Animal life (apart from the human) is studied with great care. Breed is much talked of, the sound health and good pedigree of both male and female insisted on in order to secure perfect offspring, but comparatively no attention is paid to the physical adaptability and suitability of parents.

We give short extracts from the article which is too long to quote entire:—

If the community could but be aroused to a sense of this need of preparation! With strange blindness it virtually says to the mothers: "A fearful responsibility rests upon you, that of training these young immortals; this is your special mission, your high and holy calling; the work is delicate and profound; a mistake may tell fearfully in the result; but it is not important that you should have given any attention to methods and principles; and as to special preparation, none is required." Truly no other affair is so shiftlessly managed—neither bee-culture, nor fowl-culture, nor plant culture, manufacturing, nor building, nor other forms of business. . . Among all its "ologies" is there to be no humanology, treating of the production and rearing of human beings?

The prizes offered by horticultural societies and the ready responses show earnest desire and efforts that the world of vegetation should attain excellence. Is it too much to ask that there should be desire and effort for as high a degree of perfection in human beings as in strawberries, roses, chrysanthemums, squashes, and potatoes? The low standard of excellence demaded in the human being shows that at present this is too much to ask.

Earnest home-makers are inquiring, What shall we do? Perhaps it should rather be asked what not to do—there is so much of woeful doing. There are many who seem to consider the child a receptacle to be filled up with an article called goodness. This is done by various and contrary means—advice, moral maxims, coaxing, threatening, hiring, scolding, blaming, punishing—and by more or less severity and ridicule, the angry tone and raised voice often being supposed necessary for authority. These methods lamentably show need of the proposed educational department, for they chiefly antagonize when the true method is to harmonize or make at-one-ment between parent and child. . . In a musical performance excellence of effect is secured by each performer yielding to the whole. Should any one part be unduly self-assertive, the symphony would be destroyed. A single note out of tune—out of accord of oneness—works disaster. There can be no music without union. A single note, be it ever so sweet-sounding, cannot make harmony, or even a tone. The divine law of oneness cannot act in singleness, that is to say, separateness; and it is a point of interest here that the Greek significance of tone is "a cord; a rope," the union of several. Thus we say that, like a single note in music, a single human being has no completeness.

The home should be a symphony; the life there at concert pitch, with high intelligence, as shown in direction, emphasis, motive, and the general thought and conversation; this intelligence (light) to be combined with strength of purpose and effort; these in turn joined together by the mighty bond of Love;—Light, Strength, Warmth: these three in one, corresponding to the common chord in music, and soon to be recognized as the only true ideal of a complete human living, in the family, the community, the nation, and the world.

Where to begin? Begin where human life begins—in the home. Make the home harmonious. There must be no undue self-assertion among the elders; no aggressiveness; each ready to yield personal preference; ready also to take advice, suggestions, even criticism, though never offence; eager to render service, to do little kindnesses; remembering always that the home atmosphere is the environment from which character is assimilated; and that, as in plant-culture, perfection in results depends upon observance of the requisite conditions.

. . . . . .

To insure the harmonious action of mother and child, suppose we suggest obedience, to be secured for the child at so early an age as to have no unpleasantness in its meaning. This can be done by gentle use of the word "yes" and "no," the latter spoken as pleasantly as the former. The sameness of manner will produce the desired effect of "no" by the idea of the word, rather than by a repulsive outside accompaniment of voice, pitch, tone, and facial expression.

. . . Children are keen to judge and only by their own high qualities can parents gain their respect and affection; only by such means can be obtained that heart-obedience which consults the parental wishes and opinions long after the period of authoritative obedience is ended, thus insuring a lifelong "togetherness." Mere mechanical authority is too often associated with harshness, injustice, hurt feelings, ridicule, tyranny, from all of which many children have to suffer merely because they are under the absolute power of their elders, who seem to take advantage of their position to treat children far more impolitely and discourteously and unfeelingly than they would treat those of their own age. Children do not grow up into human beings; they are born human beings, with a human desire for good treatment and a human sensitiveness to injustice, rudeness, and ridicule.

. . .

Here is the need of parental enlightenment as a department in our system of public education. Teachers should be given the same instruction, for home and school are a common working ground. (In the Light Ages both will be vastly different from those of the present). When it shall be generally understood that it is as natural to us to be spiritual as to be material, the work will be transferred almost entirely to this higher plane.

For the Ladies' Journal.

To a Gathered Water-Lily.

BY EMILY EDGEWOOD.

Oh bonny lily with heart so bright,
There's but a step between bloom and blight.
To-day, on the bosom of waters clear,
Unthinking of danger, without a fear,
You lay with white petals reflecting the light
And heart opened wide to the sunshine bright.
A purer creature, a fairer thing,
Ne'er visited earth on angel's wing.
But man has gathered you for his use,
Gaining his pleasure from your abuse.
He has ruthlessly snatched you from where you were planted,
And robbed you of every boon God granted,
That he might gather close in his hand
The fairest thing in all the land;
Nor notes that e'en while you gladden his sight,
You have taken the step from bloom to blight.

Grandmother's Chair.

There it stands in its wonted place,
In the window's cool retreat,
With the soft, old footstool creeping near
As if waiting for weary feet.

Old and furrowed the rockers look,
For they've measured the march of years,
And the faded cover is thin and worn,
And blotted as if with tears.

And as I sit in this dear old room,
Inhaling the beauty rare
Of the radiant summer in its prime,
And the perfume laden air,

I seem to see a familiar face
Look up from that well-worn seat,
And busy hands ply the needles there
In time with the rocking feet.

Oh! well may a gracious meaning cling
Round that empty, faded chair,
For the zephyr beareth a message in
From the dear heart whose place was there.

Homes Cannot be Run on Cast-Iron Rules.

Some housekeepers think that though the heavens fall, the washing must be done on Monday, the ironing Tuesday, the baking Wednesday, the visiting Thursday, the sweeping Friday and the cleaning Saturday. This routine must continue week after week the whole year round, rain or shine, cold or hot, weak or strong. With all due deference to an organized system of household economy, we would state "there is no business in which elasticity is not occasionally of as much value as an inflexible adherence to routine."

Elasticity is not "slackness" or "shiftlessness." Far from it. Elastic things are those which may be stretched to meet emergencies, but always fly back again to their normal condition as soon as the cause which made the stretching desirable has passed by. My attention has lately been specially drawn to the lack of the quality of elasticity in the management of many households as one of the causes which induce irritation and friction in the relations between mistress and servants. Not always, but usually, this lack is most evident in households controlled by young housekeepers. One housekeeper—a lady noted for the exceptionally good service of her house—tells us that she has ever found it well to take her servants into her confidence, thus making them auxiliaries rather then mercenaries. She lays out her plans with as much "system" as the most exacting could desire, and then talks them over with her servants, arranging with each in regard to the nature of her duties and the best hours and days on which to do each thing, so that all may be accomplished within a certain space of time. Her servants understand that all these things are to be accomplished within certain times, but they are all allowed a certain degree of latitude within those limits.

The housekeeper whom we are quoting says that while she occasionally finds it necessary to remind her servants that if the washing is obliged to be postponed for a day or two, some bit of work that would otherwise naturally fall to the latter part of the week must be done in the first. She never finds them unwilling to accept the suggestion, but rather that they are grateful for it, accepting her plans as intended for their benefit. While she thus teaches self-reliance, all of her household realize that her methods are elastic, not loose; flexible, not slack.

My Numerous Helps.

In a recent number of Good Housekeeping there is a most interesting and comical account of the numerous helpers possessed by one woman. The description of some of these is so rich, and withal so appropriate to our own woes that I cannot refrain from quoting in brief.

Rebecca Jones, my first servant, was very young and extremely black. Her trying peculiarities were dense ignorance and a tendency to croup. I knew nothing as a young housekeeper and Rebecca Jones knew signally less. It was the blind leading the blind, and many and deep were the culinary ditches we fell into. Perhaps the deepest ditch of all was a Sam Weller "weal and hammer" pie that we were betrayed by the cookbook into concocting.

There may have been baked at sometime in the world's history, a worse veal and ham pie than that one, but in the interests of mankind, I hope not.

Rebecca's croupy tendencies first developed themselves in the dead of the coldest winter night. More memorable even than the "weal and hammer" pie is the moment when, as I bent over her, shivering, partly from fright and partly from the inadequacy to the temperature of bare feet and a cambric robe-de-nuit, she gasped out a humble request to be buttered and steamed, if I had no objection. I was conscious of objections, I remember, but I buttered her all the more conscientiously because of them, and then rushing off for the teakettle, which a provident Providence had kept hot for the occasion, I steamed her at the imminent risk of scalding her to death, until such time as the half-frozen, sleep-drunken doctor had been dragged to my relief.

Hannah, the waitress, was a cheerful, excellent soul, but addicted to one bad habit—the intemperate use of Moody and Sankey hymns. All over the house, from garret to cellar, she "held the fort," or "pulled for the shore," or inquired at the top of her lungs, "What shall the harvest be-e-ee?—Oh! what shall the harvest be?" until we were almost crazed. A steam calliope would have been a quiet waitress in comparison. We reasoned and commanded and threatened in vain. Finally, lest because of her we should turn against religion in general and the ministry of song in particular, we dismissed her. One day, not long after, as we were walking up the street of a neighboring city, hearing someone beating carpets in a back yard to the loud and lugubrious strains of "Almost persuaded," we said it could be none but she, and it was she. Both sisters had "followers." I had the misfortune, in view of this fact, to stumble into the kitchen one evening at a most inopportune moment. In the absence of separate rooms in which to conduct the dual courtship, the two young men had placed their two chairs back to back in the middle of the kitchen floor, while Hannah, thus partially screened from the observation of Jane, had planted herself in the lap of one follower and Jane, equally screened from the observation of Hannah, had ensconced herself in the lap of the other. At first I was so astounded that I thought I must have seen double. A little reflection, however, convinced me that the vision was real, and inspired in me a deep respect for the ingenuity of the parties concerned.

Bettina Moritz, a German nurse and seamstress, well educated and a devoted member of the German Methodist church, was subject to interminable calls from the assistant pastor, a doughy-faced young man with a very white tie and a very long coat. Whenever the children were ill or fretful, or the mending basket was full to overflowing, this young Timothy would appear with his Oxford Bible under his arm, bent on a thorough overhauling of Bettina's soul. Hour after hour through the crack of the parlor door, which room I had tendered him out of reverence for his errand, his sonorous voice could be heard, rising and falling in the solemn cadences of prayer or exhortation. It did seem as though, considering her general good behavior, it took an unconscionable amount of time to keep Bettina's spiritual nature in good working order.

A Novel Stand.

The following is a detailed account of how to construct the novel stand the cut of which appears on page 9 of this month's JOURNAL.

Get nine very large wooden spools, such as are used in establishments where underwear is made, and are thrown aside when empty for kindling. These spools are about five inches in height. Then with a saw, some wood (a soap-box will do), and a metal rod, perhaps a long, round stair rod, you can make a very pretty parlor stand like the sketch shown.

First, placing four spools close together, saw off two square pieces of wood of a size to hold them. Place one piece underneath and one above the four spools, glueing them firmly, and boring a hole in the centre of the upper board, through which the rod passes and rests on the lower board.

Then on this rod place the five remaining spools, one above another, as if you were threading beads, glueing them fast as you go along.

Saw out a stand top from the remainder of the soap box, about half a yard square, or oblong if preferred, and fastening it upon the rod full of spools, your table will stand before you. You can round the corners if desired.

Paint the whole cherry red or white with gilt trimmings. The top can be covered with plush if desirable. It will make a very pretty stand for a lamp or plant, and no one would think it was a home-made affair.

To Defy the Moth.

If you wish to defy that unpleasant little animal, the moth, in packing away your fur and woolen garments, here are a few suggestions to follow: First, beat out all the dust from the garment and let it hang in the open air and sunshine for a day. After this, shake very hard, fold neatly and sew up closely in muslin or linen cloths, putting a small lump of gum-camphor in the center of each bundle. Wrap newspapers about all. In addition to these precautions secure as a packing case a whiskey or alcohol barrel but lately emptied and still strongly scented by the liquor. Have a close head and fit it in neatly. Then set away in the garret.

Tansy is also a sure preventive of moths. Sprinkle the leaves freely about woolens and furs and the moths will never get into them; an old-time remedy, but an efficacious one.

Helpful Hints.

Remove tea stains by pouring boiling water over them.

Use three teaspoonfuls kerosene in the boiler in washing clothes.

A pinch of salt put into starch will prevent its "sticking."

Wash an ink stain in strong salt water then sponge with lemon juice.

White spots on a varnished surface will disappear if a hot flatiron is held over them for a second.

Hard soap is better than grease to quiet creaking doors or to make unwilling bureau drawers submissive.

Andirons, fenders and lamps made of wrought iron can have the dust taken from them by taking a cotton cloth very slightly dampened with kerosene.

A Fence Corner.

A bend in the line of the time-browned rail-fence
The rugged back bone of the fields;
  A bush-covered angle,
  A fragrant green tangle,
That only a fence corner yields.

Swaying this way and that like a big-sister flower
Is Matilda Jane's sunshade of pink,
  While swung cross a rail
  Hangs a gleaming tin pail,
There'll be berries for supper, I think.

But it happens just now that a trespasser comes,
And the fence as a barrier fails.
  A brace for a swing,
  Two long legs make a spring,
And now side by side hang two pails.

I'll not spy, but I think that the mother at home
Should make other provisions for tea,
  For the clank of those pails,
  As they sway on the rails,
Sounds woefully empty to me.

Detail in Writing Recipes.

Sometimes the writer of recipes is perplexed to know just what amount of detail is necessary for description. It is safest to omit very little, however, but rather write fully. A very good story illustrating the danger of misconception, is to the effect that a Frenchman, experiencing the pleasure of eating a real plum pudding at the Christmas dinner of an English family, begged for the recipe, in order that his friends at home might also enjoy the dainty compound. The lady of the house wrote it out, and the Frenchman sent it to his home. Returning to France soon afterwards, the members of the family determined to give him, as a special treat on his arrival, the pudding he had praised so highly during his absence. At the proper time for such a "course," the English plum pudding appeared, served up in a soup tureen, and was distributed to the guests in soup plates. Not recognizing the mixture, he asked what it was, and received the answer that it was "ploom poodding." It was useless for him to deny it, for he was confronted by his friends with his own recipe. Alas! the lady who gave it to him had forgotten "the cloth." All the ingredients had been put, according to the directions, into a pan of boiling water, and had been cooked the prescribed time, and the result was soup; and such soup!

Some Pungent Ketchups.

The work of making ketchups belongs especially to the summer months, when the vegetables and fruits adapted for the purpose are in perfection. A variety of delicious ketchups may be made this month which will be found excellent accompaniments to game, fish and poultry, as well as useful for seasoning soups, sauces, salads and other dishes. In making ketchups the best and most perfect vegetables only should be used.

An Old Virginia Recipe.—Take a bushel of ripe tomatoes; wipe with a damp cloth; put in a clean tub; break the skins, sprinkle with salt, about half a pint will be sufficient, and let stand over night. In the morning put into a large kettle; cut up a dozen small pods of red pepper and eight large white onions; add to the tomatoes; set on the fire, and let boil until tender; take off, strain through a sieve, return the liquor to the kettle and let come to a boil. Mix a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a tablespoonful of ground cloves, half a tablespoonful each of allspice, ginger and black pepper in a pint of strong vinegar, and stir in the ketchup with two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish. Let boil slowly for six hours, or until very thick; add two pounds of brown sugar. Take from the fire, let cool, bottle and seal.

Cold Tomato Ketchup.—A recipe used in the kitchen of a noted General is the following: Take a peck of ripe tomatoes and grate them over a coarse grater; strain through a wire sieve; put the liquor in a bag and let drip; take the pulp and thin with a pint of vinegar. Season with salt, pepper, garlic, allspice and cloves. Bottle and seal. This ketchup retains the taste of the fresh tomatoes, and is an excellent flavoring for soups and sauces.

Tomato Soy.—Take a bushel of ripe tomatoes cut them in slices and skin; sprinkle the bottom of a tub with salt; put in a layer of tomatoes; cover with salt; add more tomatoes and salt until all are in the tub. Cover the top with a thick layer of sliced onions; let stand three days; turn into a large kettle; set over the fire and let boil very slowly for eight hours; stir occasionally to prevent sticking. Take from the fire and stand aside over night. In the morning strain and press through a wire sieve; add four pods of red pepper, chopped fine, an ounce of ground cloves, two ounces each of allspice and black pepper. Return to the kettle; set over a slow fire and let boil until very thick and smooth. When cool, put in small jars and seal. Soy is an almost unknown sauce to modern housekeepers, but was found in the pantry of all Southern housekeepers sixty years ago.

A Good Chili Sauce.—Take twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, four white onions, three green peppers, four tablespoonfuls of salt, one of cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of ground cloves and allspice mixed, a teacupful of sugar with a pint and a half of vinegar; peel the tomatoes and onions; chop fine; add the vinegar, spices, salt and sugar; put into a preserve kettle; set over the fire and let boil slowly for three hours. Bottle and seal. This ketchup is excellent, and will be found much less trouble than the strained tomato ketchup.

Old Virginia Ketchup.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of white onions, three ounces of white mustard seed, one ounce each of allspice and cloves, half a pint of mixed mustard, an ounce of black pepper and celery seed each, and one pound of brown sugar. Chop the tomatoes and onions, sprinkle with salt and let stand three hours; drain the water off; put in a preserve kettle with the other ingredients. Cover with vinegar, and set on the fire to boil slowly for one hour.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take half a bushel of freshly-gathered mushrooms; wipe them carefully with a damp cloth; put a layer in the bottom of a large stone jar; sprinkle with salt; add more mushrooms and salt until all are used. Let stand over night; mash them and strain off the juice. To every pint add half a teaspoonful of black pepper and half a dozen whole cloves; put into a preserve kettle and boil slowly until thick. Strain and thin with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to every pint. Put in bottles and seal.—Eliza R. Parker.

Meats.

Tongue.—To cook a tongue, first parboil and skin the tongue, trim it neatly, mince two boiled onions and a small bunch of parsley together. Mix with these three tablespoonfuls of fine cracker crumbs, seasoned with a trifle of cayenne, a blade of mace and six pounded cloves. Spread the seasoned crumbs over the tongue and cover with the thinnest possible slices of bacon. Roll the tongue with thick part in the middle, put it into a small baking pan, cover it with meat broth and bake slowly for three or four hours (on some day when there is a fire for other things). When done put in a mould and press till cold.

Scalloped Fish.—Take the remains of boiled or baked fresh fish codfish is, perhaps, the best. Remove the bones and shred it. Make a pint of cream sauce. When done pour it on three well-beaten eggs. Put a layer of fish in the dish in which it is to be served; sprinkle it with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; cover it with a layer of sauce; add another of fish and so alternately until the dish is full. Cover the top with fine bread-crumbs moistened with a teaspoonful of melted butter, and bake twenty minutes.

Collared Mackerel.—Bone the mackerel, and sprinkle with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of allspice, chopped onion, and parsley; roll them up and place in a pan; pour over them enough water and vinegar, mixed, to cover them; let them boil gently for an hour; keep them in the pickle, and serve cold. They may be baked instead of boiled.

Baked Salmon.—Scale and dry a fresh salmon; take out the bone by splitting down the back; salt it well, and allow to stand till the brine is drained off; then season with mace, cloves, and a little red pepper, pounded fine; place the salmon in a covered pan, with bay-leaves, and cover it with butter; place in the oven, and when done drain it from the gravy. Allow to cool, and pour over clarified butter.

Potted Lobster.—Parboil the lobster; cut it into small pieces, and season with mace, white pepper, nutmeg, and salt; press into a pot and cover it with butter; bake for half an hour; put in the spawn. When cold take out the lobster and put it into covered vessels with a little of the butter; heat the rest of the butter with some of the spawn, and cover the lobster with it.

Collared Salmon.—Split, scale, and bone the salmon; season with mace, cloves, pepper and salt; roll up in a cloth; bake it with butter and vinegar. Serve cold.

Potted Herrings.—Cut the heads off the herrings and fry in an earthen pot; sprinkle a little salt between each layer; add cloves, mace, pepper, and sliced nutmeg; fill up the vessel with vinegar, water, and white wine; cover it and place in the oven. When cold take out the herrings and put into well-covered vessels.

Desserts.

Whipped Cream.—In whipping cream the secret of success is to have cream and dish as cold as possible. If the froth is skimmed off, as is sometimes recommended, it is apt to fall after a time. It is better to beat steadily until the whole mass is the proper consistency. It may be sweetened by adding a little sugar at a time and the flavoring can be dropped in when it is nearly solid. Very thin cream cannot be whipped. If it is too thick it must be diluted with a little milk or it will turn to butter in the process.

Pineapple Cream.—To one pint of cream, whipped stiff and sweetened with a large cup of sugar, add half a box of gelatine prepared as for cocoanut cream. A tiny pinch of salt is an improvement. Scrape one pine apple with a silver fork until it is in fine shreds and add it to the cream. If the fresh fruit cannot be obtained the canned answers very well. The contents of one can is used. If the pineapple is in slices it must be cut into very small pieces. The mould must be set on ice to stiffen.

Cocoanut Cream.—Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth. Have ready three-quarters of a box of gelatine which has been soaked in one cup of milk for half an hour, and the milk heated until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain, and when cool add it to the cream with one cup of sugar and two cups of cocoanut. Either the desiccated cocoanut or the fresh nut grated can be used. Put the cream into a mould and set it on ice or in a very cold place.

Hanging Out the Clothes.

Fearing that the saucy wind
Will speckle cheek or nose,
Jennie dons a spotted veil—
Hanging out the clothes.
She is winsome, she is sweet
Everywhere she goes,
But she seems most fair to me
Hanging out the clothes.

Jennie's curls are soft and black,
Every wind that blows
Sends them flying round her ears,
Hanging out the clothes.
Ah, she looks so sweet and fair,
Blooming as a rose,
I could kiss her standing there
Hanging out the clothes.

Jennie's arms are snowy white,
Her form an artist's pose—
I could keep her all her life
Hanging out the clothes.
Jennie's eyes are wide and bright,
Seems to me she knows
That I love her best of all
Hanging out the clothes.

For the Ladies' Journal.

A TALE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY F. H. HOLLAND.

Mrs. Todensky and her daughter Edith sat on the veranda of a summer resort overlooking the waters of Lake Erie, on a glorious summer day in the month of July 189—. The sun shone down fiercely, and all the grand old lake seemed like a trembling mass of molten gold as it rippled and sparkled in the fiery glance of the sun-god, who seemed to be driving his chariot at fire-fly speed on this warm August morning. A few small fleecy clouds, almost imperceptible in the azure sky, might seem to an experienced judge of the weather to foretell a stormy passage in this seemingly faultless day, but to the casual observer, not skilled in weather-lore, they passed unnoticed, for Edith Todensky, turning to her mother, said :

"No rain to-day, mama, fortunately for us, but hard on the gardens and farms, for see how dry everything is, parched for want of moisture for there has been no rain for nearly three weeks, everything seems longing for it."

"Yes, Edie," said Mrs. Todensky, looking up from the silk stocking she was knitting, "everything seems to need the rain badly, but I am sure it will not rain to-day. What a perfect day it is ! What a pity you cannot go to Hunter's Point to search for those ferns we need to complete our collection. Now if Sydney had not been called away you might have taken the boat and rowed there this morning, for the lake looks safe enough even for my nervous ideas."

"It is just the way," said Edith, pettishly, "Syd always has to go when he is wanted, but of course," relenting, "Syd cannot do just as he likes, poor fellow, for he is not his own master."

"Edith," said Mrs. Todensky after a pause—during which the former fanned and the latter knitted industriously, "I wish that we could change our seats in the dining-room, that Mr. Graham is so——" Edith made a warning gesture, as a graceful, lady-like appearing woman came lightly up behind the speaker, and threw herself into the lounging chair beside her, exclaiming at the glare of the sun on the water.

"However, Miss Todensky, warm as it is, I have made up my mind to go on an excursion in search of fungi to etch on, did you ever see any etching on fungi, Mrs. Todensky?" But before that lady could answer she continued, "I have come to ask Miss Edith if she will join our expedition ; just Mr. Graham, myself, and a boatman, so you see, Miss Edith, we have no special cavalier for you."

"The boatman will suit me very well for a cavalier," said Edith, laughing. "I think gentlemen escorts are a bother." Then noticing Mrs. Graham's change of expression, "I mean, of course, unmarried gentlemen. I shall be delighted to go with you and Mr. Graham."

"It will be a good opportunity for us to obtain some ferns we want for our collection," said Mrs. Todensky. "I suppose your destination will be Hunter's Point."

"Wherever Miss Edith desires," said Mrs. Graham. "Our craft will take us, she knows this part of the country better than we do, so ta ta, my sweet Edith, we will be off at eleven, wind and waves permitting," and Mrs. Graham departed to prepare herself for the expedition.

"Mama," said Edith, after Mrs. Graham had left them, "I am so sorry that I said I would go. I do dislike Mr. Graham so, those eyes of his frighten me, so deep and crafty looking, I think he is not all right in his mind, or he is a bad man. You dislike him yourself, mama?"

"I never heard that Mr. Graham was not right, mentally," said Mrs. Todensky, "but I must say I mistrust the man myself, your father's old friend, Captain Stanley, would not have given him a letter of introduction to me if he had been a bad man. I ought to feel quite safe in trusting you with them, but I feel a strange distrust of Mr. Graham, there is no denying it ; however, Sydney will be back to-morrow and then you will not need an escort to protect you."

"Well, mama, he is a very queer man to say the least; at the table he stares at me until I can hardly remain in my place, then sometimes he regards me with such a contemptuous, disdainful expression, it is insulting." Edie paused here, and casting a sidelong look at her mother continued, "And last evening when you and Mrs. Graham were talking on the east veranda he sat down beside me—you must have seen him, mama—and asked me who gave me this ring ; Syd's ring you know. I pretended not to hear him, and then he said in a low voice, 'Annie this cannot last,' he terrified me, mama. I pretended not to hear what he said, but I am sure of the words, 'Annie this cannot last !'"

"Perhaps he was talking to himself, Edie, some people do so unconsciously, but come, come dear, is it not time for you to make ready for the excursion to the Point ?"

Edith rose reluctantly, and kissing her mother affectionately, disappeared through one of the French windows, leading into the corridor. Mrs. Todensky, left to her reflections and her knitting, thought uneasily within herself of what Edith had said, what a strange man this old friend of Captain Stanley's was to be sure. Disagreeable alike in manner and appearance, not at all the style of man she had expected the Captain's friend to be. Years before she had heard Mr. Graham spoken of as a man of singularly attractive manner and address, but tastes differ, thought Mrs. Todensky, and time, cruel time, changes people so. Here the good lady reflected sadly on her own once chestnut locks, now fast whitening with time's relentless touch and her portly figure, once so like Edith's, slim and graceful. "Ah !" she said, almost aloud, "we are all changing, changing, we must not be hard on each other." But in spite of her softening thoughts she firmly made up her mind to change if possible the seats they occupied at the table in the dining room. The strange looks Graham had cast upon her daughter had not escaped her observation. Edith was her only child, very fair to look upon, and it behoved Mrs. Todensky to guard her pretty dove from the glances of stray hawks. She did not require to perform this duty for long, as the pretty dove in question was soon to be consigned to a cage, safe in handsome Sydney Owton's keeping. Ere six months were over Mrs. Todensky was to lose her pet, yet not to lose her, but to gain a son, so she regarded it in her own mind.

. . . . . .

The hour named by Mrs. Graham—eleven—had arrived, and Edith Todensky stood on the wharf at the foot of the long flight of stairs that led from the hotel down to the beach. Pretty and attractive always, she looked doubly so now, in her blue serge boating costume, her broad-brimmed, cow-bait hat, with its snowy muslin, and dainty lace tied coquettishly down under her dimpled chin. Mrs. Graham was busy attending to the disposal of numerous shawls and cushions for the use of her husband, who, in a white tennis hat and loose linen coat looked more repulsive than ever, Edith thought as she cast a furtive glance at him. Short and thick-set, with dark complexion and deep-sunk, listless, gray eyes, black moustache and short-cropped black hair, he was not a man to invite admiration. He seemed distrait and ill at ease this bright, sunny morning, quite out of keeping with its enchanting calm. Hardly a ripple stirred the water, the boat moved swiftly off over its shimmering bosom impelled by Edith—she was a capital oars-woman—and the boatman. The little sail lay rolled up in the bottom of the boat. "We might have a bit of wind," the boatman said, "'fore long, so I fetched it along."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Doll Show.

A unique entertainment for a summer evening is a doll show, and one which can be easily managed in a summer house by a few bright girls.

Make ten bags of cream-colored cheesecloth and two of black cambric ; the latter with bright buttons for eyes, and work the features in with white cotton.

On the other ten paint the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and cheeks in the most startling manner possible.

Ten girls and two boys are to wear the masks and to find costumes suited to their faces. Short bits of untwisted hemp-rope will furnish hair for some, while others can have their hair painted on their masks. All but the negro and French dolls have mittens of white stockinet on their hands and white stockings on their feet.

The dolls are dressed in as great a variety of ways as possible. There must be a French doll, with real curls and a long blue silk dress, white gloves and black slippers, and an old doll which has been played with for years, dressed in a Mother Hubbard wrapper of old fashioned calico. She must be limp and lean and must prop herself up against other dolls or whatever is handy.

When it is time for the entertainment the masks should be carefully put on and fitted, and the rest of the costumes donned. Then they are to march, one by one, on the stage in their very stiffest manner. The stage may be at one end of the parlor, fitted up for the purpose.

As soon as they reach the stage and have taken their places, they should sing several nursery ditties in a shrill tone, varied with a solo and duet by two of Edison's dolls.

Then the wonderful French jointed doll should be wound up (with an egg-beater) and go through some simple free-arm movements, and say, "Papa," "Mamma," "Papa," "Mamma."

The entertainment will be more successful if some one personates a showman or woman who has bought up all the old dolls she can find, and applied to them a wonderful modern scientific discovery in electricity, which has made them grow to life size with power to move arms and legs, and to sing whatever ditties their former owners, the children, had sung to them. This part of the entertainment can be made very attractive and pleasing in the hands of a bright young girl or young man.—The Household.

"Now" and "Waitawhile."

Little Jimmie Waitawhile and little Johnnie Now
Grew up in homes just side by side; and that you see is how
I came to know them both so well, for almost every day
I used to watch them at their work and also at their play.

Little Jimmie Waitawhile was bright, and sturdy, too,
But never ready to perform what he was asked to do;
"Wait just a minute," he would say, "I'll do it pretty soon,"
And things he should have done at morn were never done till noon.

He put off studying until his boyhood days were gone;
He put off getting him a home till age came stealing on;
He put off everything, and so his life was not a joy,
And all because he waited "just a minute" while a boy.

But little Johnnie Now would say, when he had work to do:
"There's no time like the present time," and gaily put it through.
And when his time for play arrived he so enjoyed the fun;
His mind was not distressed with thoughts of duties left undone.

In boyhood he was studious and laid him out a plan
Of action to be followed when he grew to be a man;
And life was as he willed it all because he'd not allow
His tasks to be neglected, but would always do them "now."

And so in every neighborhood are scores of little boys,
Who by-and-by must work with tools when they have done with toys.
And you know one of them, I guess, because I see you smile;
And is he little Johnnie Now or Jimmie Waitawhile?

St. Nicholas.

For The Ladies' Journal.

An Adventure with the Wolves.

BY NELLIE WATTS.

"Now Grandfather you cannot go home to-night, this raging snow storm would never let you get there, and besides I am aching to hear one of your grand old Canadian stories, all about when the wolves used to chase you, and so on."

"Well, Pussy, make the fire blaze, and turn down the light—there now, that is just like what we used to do when I was a boy. I fancy now I can see us boys and girls watching the sparks fly up the chimney while we listened to the fine old stories our Grandfather used to tell. And just to think that I am a Grandfather myself now with a sweet-faced little Puss begging me to tell her a story, with the excuse that I cannot go home because the storm rages so.

"Well, in the year 1820, when I was a lad of about sixteen, my sister and I started out in the sleigh drawn by one horse to spend a few days with our uncle, who lived about twenty-miles distant, the way being mostly all woods.

"It was one of those delightful winter days when the sun shines so brightly and the snow dazzles the eyes with its millions of glittering stars, and the sleigh glides over the snow so easily, while the old pines heaved and sighed as the breezes played gently among their branches.

"There were often wolves roaming about in those times, but I had often taken the same journey before, and having a good swift horse and my father's rifle well loaded, I felt not in the least alarmed.

"My sister was but seven years old, and had taken the journey but once before. She was naturally a very delicate, nervous child, and nothing seemed to frighten her more than the thought of wolves.

"We had covered about nine miles of our journey, enjoying the ride very much when Eva said, 'What is that noise I hear Harrie?' but I replied that it was only the trees sighing and she need not be afraid, but she persisted that it could not be the trees, so after driving on for some distance, I stopped the horse and listened, and to my horror I knew it was the howling of wolves, and by the sound of the howling, I knew that there were more than three or four, and that they were on our trail.

"I whipped up the horse to full speed, but the howling came nearer, nearer and nearer. We hurried on; every step the sound increasing, and as we looked around we could plainly see black objects in the distance. Eva was deathly pale, and I knew she was trying her best to be brave. All she said was, 'O Jesus take care of us!'

"Our faithful horse almost flew over the ground, but the wolves came far faster, and as we looked around, poor Eva cried, 'Harrie, Harrie, what ever shall we do, they are nearly up to us, and I can see their dreadful teeth.'

"Meanwhile I had been getting ready to fire. I did so and one fell, but it was torn to pieces in no time, and they were up to us again. I knew the horse could not keep at that flying speed long, and my heart sickened at the thought of Eva and myself being torn to pieces by those angry, hungry animals. I fired once, twice and two fell. Then I thought of the wood-men. Would they be there? For I had heard that there were men cutting out a clearing some distance further on; if we could only reach there we might be saved. I fired twice again but only one fell. The horse kept to its utmost and as the wolves stopped to devour those that fell, it kept them back a little between times, and I saw we were reaching the clearing. But O, horrors! how my heart seemed to stand still, and my very blood to turn cold, for not a human being was there to be seen, but quick as flash I saw their log hut with the door partly open. I was bound to make one more effort, and firing once more among those dreadful famishing, blood-thirsty animals, I used the rifle over our faithful horse's back and made a dash across to the entrance of the hut. Jerking up the horse and at the same time catching Eva in my arms, I gave one bound inside, and throwing her down, I jerked the heavy old door to the best way I could, but it would not go entirely close and as the wolves came tearing up I could feel their hot breaths through the opening. But it was not large enough to admit any.

"As I jumped out the horse had raced onward, and the wolves seemingly thinking they would rather have him, followed in his tracks.

"I fastened the door as securely as possible, and turning to Eva, I found her lying insensible just where I had thrown her from my arms, I did everything which lay in my power and after much anxiety on my part, she came slowly to consciousness again, and I fancy I see her now as she knelt beside me and putting her little hands together she said, 'Dear Jesus I love you so much for saving us; please send some one to take us home for Jesus' sake Amen.'

"I soon had a fire made and taking Eva in my arms sat down to await for what would turn up next. The golden head began to droop, and before long Eva was sleeping quietly.

"All this had taken considerable time, and it was growing late, for we had not started very early. The corners of the hut began to darken, and I began to look around for the best way of passing the night, when, O, joy! I heard some one calling, 'Harrie, Harrie!' I answered a joyous shout and sprang to the door, where I was met by my father and several other men. And what a glad meeting it was for had we not been saved from the very jaws of death? And I think a more thankful man could not be found than our father as he clasped his little sunbeam (as he always called Eva) in his arms.

"We all got into the sleigh, my father telling me how the horse had returned home all torn and bleeding and they, knowing something had happened, came to search for us.

"Toward mid-night we reached home, where we were met by our half frantic mother, who embraced us over and over again thanking God for sparing our lives.

"Next morning our faithful horse breathed his last, and many a tear was shed as he gave one last struggle.

"A stone still marks the place where we laid him to rest, and on the stone is carved the words, 'Our Hero.'"

Horse Versus Bicycle.

In reading the other day, I came across these statements regarding the question, Horse Versus Bicycle. Bicycles are unsympathetic, horses are animated; you cannot pet a bicycle.

Bicycles are unsympathetic. Evidently the claimant never rode one or he would feel the thrill of understanding that animates the steed of rubber and steel as it carries its owner safely around curves, past danger, on the right hand and on the left, sweeps like a bird on the wing over the good roads and cautiously helps its owner over the bad places in the street. Sympathetic, yes, we guess yes, decidedly so; far more so than the great majority of horses. A horse is animated. Yes, it is without question, sometimes too much so, but you will find the bicycle decidedly that way too. Just try to stand it up once when it wants to sit down or let a green hand catch hold of it, and see it get frisky, trip him up and finally tie itself up in a double bow knot hopelessly entangled. But when its master lays a caressing hand upon it how well it behaves! It becomes possessed with an animated power well under control and it is folly at this stage to say, "a bicycle cannot be petted." If by petted we mean the stroking of its glossy enamel, the polishing of its beautifully nickled parts and the pride of ownership that every well meaning boy exhibits toward his "bike," then in truth it will stand petting galore and the more grooming it gets the better its appearance.

To sum up the whole matter, bicycles are animated, sympathetic and will take to petting just as pleasurably as most horses.—J. Wetherald.

The Cow.

The cow was the theme for a composition in an English school recently. The best boy of the class wrote all he knew of the subject in this fashion:

"The cow is a good animal. She has two horns and two eyes, and gives milk which is good to drink. She has four legs and eats grass and hay. Some of them are red and have long tails."

The principal of the school, in commenting on the effort of the boy, stated that it would be more clearly understood if expressed thus:

"The female of the bovine genus is a beneficent animal. This ruminant quadruped is possessed of enormous protuberances projecting from the occiput. Her vision is binacular, and she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation. She is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both succulent and exsiccated state; some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality."

An old dairyman who is visiting us suggests that both the boy and his teacher need a better balanced intellectual ration, before either meddles again with a description of a cow. Our friend suggests that the teacher needs the most looking after, as he is badly run down.

Elocutionary.

SOPHIE, OR CALLED TO SCRUB AND PREACH.

As reciters are constantly on the look-out for appropriate church or missionary society recitations, we have seen fit to reproduce entire, from a little pamphlet, this wonderful story adapted so perfectly for a reading of the kind referred to.

"Please, sah, dar am a quah-looking pusson at the doah who wants to see you. She says her name is Sophie, and dat she am a preacher. If you will allow me, sah, I think she am a Dutch loonatic."

In the hall I find the "quah pusson." She well bore out the description. Tall, thin, high-cheek bones, and small, queer eyes. On her head was a bonnet much too large, profusely trimmed with bright red flowers. She wore one of those waterfalls of by-gone days, and over her shoulders was a black silk mantle which once on a time had been a grand affair.

As I advanced, she smiled, and all her face joined in as she said with strong German accent, "Oh, brutter, at last I haf got here. I hear you tell of your night mishener (missionary) work, und I say, 'Father, let me go see this brutter.'

"To-day He said, 'Sophie, you make fifty cents yesterday, now go you down und gif that for the work und preach to the brutter.' 'But, Father, I haf no sermon.' Father said, 'You walk down und gif them the car fare, und I gif you the sermon on the way.' So here I vas, und here is the money."

I hardly knew what to think of her. She had walked three miles and given all of one day's work to the cause. I felt if she preached as well as she practised, I should like to hear her, so I invited her in.

"Yes," she continued, with that ever-present smile on her face; though now as I noticed it, it seemed to come from great inward peace, and to give to her otherwise unattractive face a look of holy joy that fixed and held attention.

"Yes," she said, "I vas called to scrub und preach. I vas a borned preacher, und as I vas poor, I learned to work. I do good work, und can be trusted, so the peoples wants me, but if they haf me, they must have the preach also. No preach, no work; so I scrub as unto the Lord, und preach to all in the house. Where do I belong? I belong to Jesus, und I trusts God for all. When I am out of work, I tell Father. He is the best employment office; you don't haf to pay, nor wait; He sends it right away.

"I once went into a minister's family. I vas tried there, sure. Why, brutter, they talk about reforming the drunkard. I think the best thing they could do vas to reform the Christians. There are so many blue-mouldy Christians; cemetery Christians I call them. They sits weeping and wailing on tombstones; they nefer gets out into the resurrection life of Christ. We worships not a dead but a risen Saviour; und yet so many stop at the cross, satisfied with their sins pardoned, when you should press on to companionship with the Lord.

"Well, this minister vas like that. Father used me to lead him out into the light. One day he said, 'Sophie, how can I get the power in my sermons you get in your prayer-meeting inspirances?'

"'Oh, that's easy; you practise your sermon a week before you preach it. I mean, you live what you preach for a week, then fire low, and you hit some one sure. Your sermons stick by the wall, you fire too high.'

"'Sophie,' he said, 'you are always so full, while I am starved.'

"'That's your own fault; go to the table,—that's full, help yourself.'

"'Oh, Sophie,' he says, 'I wish I had your patience and humility.'

"'Well,' I said, 'you can't borrow from me. I haf none to spare; but if you read your testament right, you get it.'

"'What do you mean? I do read it right, I read in Greek and English.'

"But, brutter, you don't read it right. Brutter Paul says, 'Glory in tribulation;' now g-l-o-r-y don't spell growl,—glory, not growl,—yet when trial comes you growl like a dog over a bone. If you want patience, glory in tribulation; und Paul says that 'tribulation worketh patience (that's the way to get it); und patience, experience; und experience hope; und hope maketh not ashamed. See how you go up those steps into a better insperience, when you take the first step, und glory instead of growl. Und about humility—Peter says, 'Be clothed with humility;' you don't need to go to any of the clothing stores, for they don't keep it; but instead of looking unviously at me, go ask Father for a suit of humility for yourself. He will clothe you; He is no suspector of persons.'

"'Well,' said he, 'Sophie, I dress plain, while you dress very gay, for a scrub-woman. How can you afford it?'

"Oh! my clothes cost me nothing. I scrub for womans, und she gif me some of her clothes. Why shouldn't I look fine? I am the child of the King, und God is no rag-picker. He promises durable clothing. When I wants anything I tell Father I want so-and-so, und if it vas good for me I always get it. Sometimes Father says, 'that is no good for you, Sophie. It don't do to gif children all they cry for.'"

"I heard about a countryman who was in the city for the first time. He went into a restraurant und made up his mind he would haf something fine, no matter what it cost. He saw a man at the next table put a little mustard on his plete, und said that must be fine und expensive, he has so little. So he told the waiter to bring him a dollar's worth of that stuff. A big plate was brought. He took a big spoonful; it bit him.

"So we ask for things that if Father should gif them to us we would only be bitten by them. We pray so foolish; why, for twelve years I pray, 'O Father, make me a foreign mishener; I want to go to foreign lands und preach.'

"One day I pray that, und Father say, 'Sophie, stop! Where were you borned?' 'Germany, Father.' 'Where are you now?' 'In America.' 'Well, ain't you a foreign mishener already?' When I see that, Father says to me, 'Who lives on the floor above you?' 'A family of Swedes.' 'Und on the floor above them?' 'Why, some Switzers; und in the rear house are Italians; und a block away some Chinese.' 'Now you never said a word to those people about My Son. Do you think I will send you thousands of miles away to the foreigner and heathen, when you've got them all around, und you nefer care enough about them to speak to them about their souls?'

"Well, I went to work at once; und I find if we do what is at our hand, He will gif us more. I had some money saved up, und I learn if I gif a few dollars I could send a boy to school in Japan. I do it, und now he is a mishener among his own people.

"One day I hear about the colored people down south. Well, Father said, 'Sophie, you can give to that, sure;' but I vas stingy-like, und hold on to a half-dollar until the money scream, most. I felt bad, und Father seemed to say, 'All you haf I gif you, und you won't gif a little back.' I feel worser until I go to minister und gif him enough t' set a woman to teach; und now I hal a woman teaching for me down south. So I was in Japan, down south, und here in New York, preaching in three places, like as though I vas triplets. I tell you brutter, it vas a gracious thing to work for Jesus."

I felt just then very small indeed, and as I looked at her I lost sight of her odd appearance, and saw her only as a King's daughter. Here was this woman working, witnessing for Christ, earning only a trifle, yet denying herself, educating a missionary, and sending a teacher to the south. What a rebuke to many of us!

"How do you live, and yet have so much to give away?" I asked.

"Oh, I live plain; my clothes cost me nullin much. I haf a cup of coffee and roll for my breakfast, und get my other meals where I work. I only haf one small room; that is all I want here, but, praise God, I haf a mansion in heaven.

"In the mornink I always get down the Bible. I call it my love-letter from Father. Sometimes He scolds a little in the letter, but it vas for 'reproof and correction,' und we need that sometimes. One mornink I opened to the prayer, 'Our Father which vas in heaven,' und I says, 'Oh Father, I know that by heart; gif me something fresh.' That morning I had no money to get the coffee and roll, but I did not worry. I thought I gets my breakfast where I vas to work, but they were all through when I got there. I say, 'Nefer mind; I wait till dinner.' Before dinner the woman goes out und forgets all about me—so no dinner. I got through early, und I vas so hungry I go home ready to cry, and I say, 'Father, how is this? You say you nefer leave me, but I work all day without anythink to eat,' und I began to complain. 'Look here, Sophie,' said Father, almost speaking to my soul plain, 'look here, this mornink you read in My Book, und when you comes to the daily prayer where it says "Gif me this day my daily bread," you don't read it; you say, "Gif me something fresh." Is that stale? Because every day these things come you forget to be thankful.' At once I see where I sin, und gets down quick, and say, 'Father, forgive me; gif me this day my daily bread, for Thy child is hungry.'

"When I got off my knees there came a knock, and my landlady was there with a cup of coffee and some biscuits. She said, 'I thought you were tired, und would not like to get supper, so I brought these in.' Then I thanked Father und began to shout.

"I tell you, brutter, we so quick forget those every-day blessings what come right along. So many people nefer are polite enough to say, 'Thank you,' to God for the hundreds of every-day gifts. The landlady's husband heard me shouting, und came up. He is an infiddle, but he vas touched when I told him the answer to my prayer.

"The woman vas a Catholic, und she says, 'Sophie, you always praise Jesus, und talk about Jesus. Why you nefer talk about the blessed Virgin? I pray to her, und expect to see her in heaven.' I told her if she ever expected tot see the mother of Jesus, she must first get acquainted with the Son, or she would nefer get into heaven. Said she, 'Don't Peter hold the keys?' I told her I did not care who held the keys, that Jesus said, 'I am the Door; by Me if any man enter it he shall be saved;' und as I had the open door, I did not care who had the keys. It is precious to have Jesus only, und to live for Him. But now I must go brutter. I will come again if Father will let me."

I saw her to the door, bade her good-bye, returned to my room, and thanked God for the sermon to which I had listened. I had been sitting in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. There was about the plain scrub-woman an atmosphere of heaven that seemed to lift me into closer relationship to God my Father. The lessons of trust and fellowship with Christ which I learned from her talk, have been help toward the Golden City and the King; and I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall have another opportunity of listening to one of Sophie's sermons.

THIS MONTH'S DESIGNS.

Where are we going to land in the matter of sleeves? They are getting bigger, and, now that stiffening is used so largely, more aggresive than ever. Modistes now cut the sleeves first, and if there is anything remaining from the web of cloth make a waist and skirt. But the fashion is a pleasing one when the form is not distorted out of all proportion; and for slim, tall figures the style is particularly suitable.

Plaid Silk Waist and Black Satin Skirt.

The dainty creation pictured on this page is of Parisian design and construction. The skirt has the usual godets and hangs beautifully, while the plaid waist is very stylish, and effectively trimmed with broad loops of ribbon, and a plastron of rich lace.

Silk and Batiste Chemisettes.

The more numerous the fronts used with the regulation tailor coat and skirt, the more pleasing variety can one add to her costume. Two simple and artistic changes are presented on page 22.

India Muslin Gown for Slim Figure.

This is a simple dinner gown of India muslin, designed most appropriately for a young girl the freshness of whose beauty is best unadorned with lavish garnitures. The sleeves are novelties, however, and their flowered taffeta ribbons are curled and finished with butterfly bows at the top. This gown, without the yoke, which makes it high-necked, is a most appropriate model for a young girl's evening costume.

Infants' Dresses.

The modes for infants of three years are fascinatingly dainty, and so varied that the chronicler is at a loss what to single out to describe; but there can be no mistake about the cunning mites in the design.

The small boy's kilt, plaited, white pique skirt is only less full than that of his mama, and his sleeves, too, are a babyish imitation of hers. The blouse is made separate (the skirt being buttoned to an underwaist), with a basque added below the belt. The latter is of insertion, and the basque is made in box-plaits narrower at the top than at the bottom; it is edged with embroidery, and down the centre of each plait is a row of small pearl ball buttons in graduated sizes. The full sleeves end in ruffles of embroidery which match the turn-over, full collar. The small maiden who is assisting in snapping the bonbon at the children's party is a vision in white muslin, with frills and insertion of lace, with an over-robe (in effect) of palest water-green crepe silk, accordion-plaited.

The fashion illustrator must be excused for drawing the babies in low socks. Some fashionable women know no better than to clothe their babies thus. But other fashionable mothers, and all women who know much of anything, know that there is no part of the body so sensitive to cold as the knees and the region just above and below them, and physicians all over the land have made such an outcry over the inhumanity of the low socks they are seen only upon the children of a few criminally ignorant mothers.

Embroidered Nainsook Frock.

This dainty little dress is simply made, and self trimmed with its richly embroidered edge. Lace and folds finish the top, a guimpe (of contrasting color) is necessary to complete it.

Striped Gingham Gown.

A housewife's gingham gown is here shown. This is a one-piece dress designed for comfort and convenience. The round waist of this gown is trimmed with bands of white Hamburg edging, which also forms the belt. There is a butterfly bow of ribbon on one shoulder. The sleeves are full and drooping, and wide enough at the wrists to turn up easily. The skirt has the fashionable godet plaits.

PLAID SILK WAIST AND BLACK SATIN SKIRT

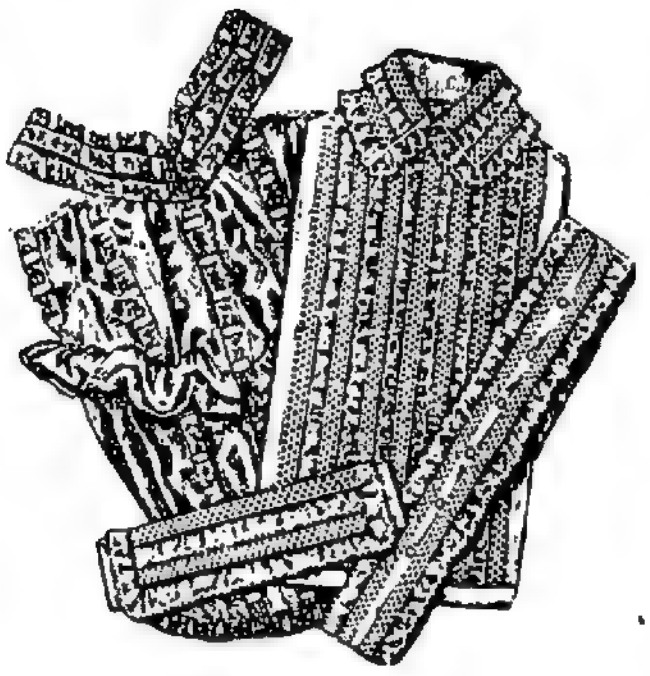
Striped Silk Waist.

Blouses and fancy waists are still the popular, as well as comfortable, fad of the season. Two particularly charming ones are depicted on page 23, the first of striped silk with broad bands of insertion and the second of dimity trimmed plentifully with lace and insertion.

Design for Boy's Suit and Girl's Dress.

The remaining cut on page 23 is of a suit consisting of striped shirt waist, belt and dark pants for a boy, and a simple but effective dress with an elaborate large collar for a girl.

The much-despised jersey is once more in favor, and has appeared in several new forms suitable for tennis wear.



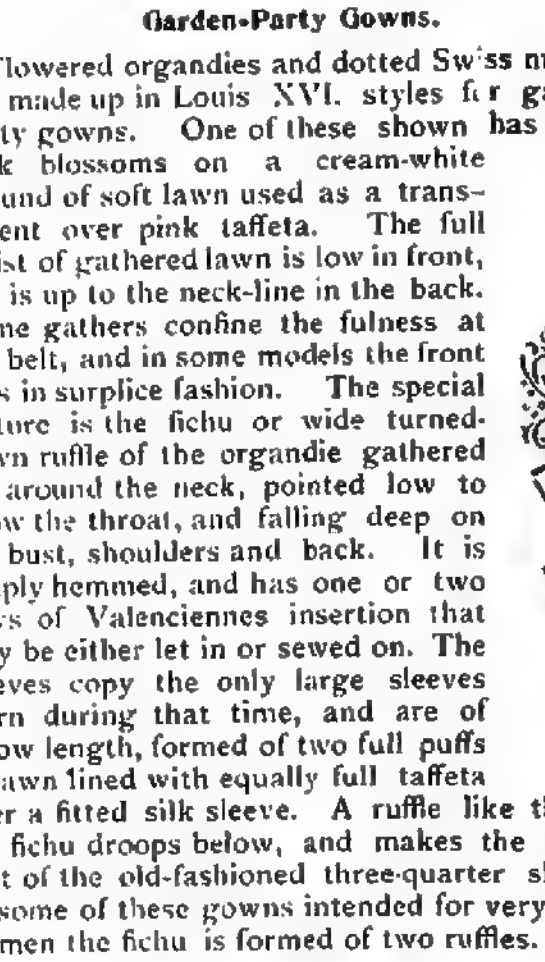
SILK AND BATISTE CHIMESETTES

Garden-Party Gowns.

Flowered organdies and dotted Swiss muslins are made up in Louis XVI. styles for garden-party gowns. One of these shown has large pink blossoms on a cream-white ground of soft lawn used as a transparent over pink taffeta. The full waist of gathered lawn is low in front, but is up to the neck-line in the back. Some gathers confine the fulness at the belt, and in some models the front laps in surplice fashion. The special feature is the fichu or wide turned-down ruffle of the organdie gathered full around the neck, pointed low to show the throat, and falling deep on the bust, shoulders and back. It is simply hemmed, and has one or two rows of Valenciennes insertion that may be either let in or sewed on. The sleeves copy the only large sleeves worn during that time, and are of elbow length, formed of two full puffs of lawn lined with equally full taffeta over a fitted silk sleeve. A ruffle like that of the fichu droops below, and makes the length that of the old-fashioned three-quarter sleeves. In some of these gowns intended for very slight women the fichu is formed of two ruffles. The skirt is wide and nearly straight, with narrow ruffles at the foot, and falls free from the belt of a pink silk petticoat beneath. Pink satin ribbon four inches wide serves for the belt, with a bow at the back and long sash ends.

Marie Antoinette fichus of white batiste, organdie, lawn, or mousseline de soie are worn over very simple gowns of colored lawns or crepons. They are completed by knife-pleated frills of the material, or else by yellow Valenciennes lace. To accompany them is the Louis XVI. hat with wide shepherdess brim, trimmed with finely pleated chiffon in great outspread bows and many flowers.

For elderly ladies black grenadine gowns are made up with fichu drapery of the grenadine, and a large jabot of white lace falling on a full vest of white tulle, which extends from neck to waist. The skirt has all its seams outlined with jet-spangled galloon, and is trimmed with a cluster of narrow ruffles, lapping, and headed by the spangles. Sometimes the silk lining is in contrast to the black transparent fabric—apple green, mauve, or grayish-blue being chosen.



FOR A VERY SLIM FIGURE.

Prepare for Bloomers.

We may as well prepare for bloomers next autumn. We have been watching the course of bicycle events with almost breathless anxiety for some time past, and Nebuchadnezzar himself never saw the handwriting on the wall more distinctly than we see it now. The bloomer is coming sure enough.

INFANTS' DRESSES.

It is inevitable. A year ago how many of our belles and beaux, our "society" people, rode bicycles? You could have counted them on the fingers of a one-armed pensioner. Last November, when society returned everybody had a wheel. Our gilded youth discovered the bicycle during the summer. They had seen the millionaires and the leaders of the "ton" astraddle of the nimble "bike" and had suddenly become aware of that instrument's existence. As in a flash of radiant light from heaven they recognized the beauty, the good sense, and the usefulness thereof. In one burst of rapturous conviction they took it to their fervent hearts. At once the bicycle was healthful, improving, stylish, and, above all, correct. "Society" adopted it, talked about it as though it were a thing of yesterday, and its votaries were, within a week, pitying every one who didn't ride. And this is our reason for saying that the bloomer is descending upon us. If we accept the fad in humble gratitude and fervor, why not the trimmings that go with it?

This prospect may seem a little bit startling just now, but what of that? If one had told Gwendolen or Constance twelve months ago that before the year was out she would be seen flying down the asphalt with her skirts flying in a great tumult and the vulgar rabble looking for her ankle, wouldn't she have turned pale with horror and indignation? Yet that is just what happened to our Gwens and Connies—and happened on strictly scheduled time. And now why not the bloomers, too?

So the bloomers come. Or, if not bloomers, then knickerbockers, which are still better for the gayety of nations and embellishment of the landscape. Brace yourselves, girls, on a rich diet of bathing costume, and you won't mind it very much, after all. Neither will the public.

EMBROIDERED NAINSOOK FROCK.

Varieties.

Corded wash silks are very effective for shirt-waists. Two white cords quite close together are woven to form stripes on grounds of rose, blue, mauve, or pink that are slightly shot with white. Tailors make this silk up precisely as Madras and other cotton shirt-waists are made, with soft full front and yoke back, and complete them with a collar and cuffs of white Irish linen.

White piques dotted with colored silks make some of the most refined dresses of the summer. They have a jacket and skirt, and are worn with a blouse front of chiffon or mull the color of the dots with yellow lace.

STRIPED GINGHAM GOWN.

STRIPED SILK WAIST.

About Winter Crepons.

A practical hint of the future is gathered from the gossips of the shops. One of the richest yet most conservative of the great dry-goods stores when sending two buyers abroad in search of woolen goods for next winter instructed them not to buy crepon, believing this fabric to have have had its day of favor. At last report these buyers cabled home that they must buy crepon, as there is little or nothing else in the European market for the next season. At another house of great repute more than two-thirds of the wool samples received for next winter are creped, but in new and fanciful weaving, different from anything now seen. These crepons of the future are also two-toned, some of them changeable, others in stripes and plaids.

These facts are of value to economists, who find crepons at greatly reduced prices filling the counters of the shops, many of them a dollar less in the yard than was asked at the beginning of the season. Black, corn-flower blue, golden brown, and violet are apparently safe colors to buy, and it is well also to look for those barred or striped in two colors, and also dotted, as a season of fancy fabrics is predicted.

The Newest Skirt.

The newest skirt is made of white moreen, and is to be worn under cotton, silk or any lightweight material that will not stand a stiff lining. It is cut by the godet pattern and has as decoration three box-plaitings of the white haircloth, the top one having as a finish a thick silk cord. This seems a rather expensive skirt, but it will be found very useful, especially to the woman who likes pretty cotton toilettes.

The advice of physicians, as well as the teaching of experience, has convinced the average woman that it is wise to wear a woolen skirt the entire summer through. There is more truth than fiction in the old adage that "what will keep out the cold will keep out the heat." Flannelette, which is, in reality, a flannel with a large proportion of cotton in it, is shown in what might be called Dresden colors, so faint and delicate are they. They are in stripes, often simple hair lines, and sometimes lines a quarter of an inch wide are seen. Blue and white, pink and white, and brown and white are contrasts seen, while a pale blue ground will have stripes of pink and brown upon it, and a pink one white and blue. These petticoats are invariably made by hand, and are trimmed with either a coarse woven or knitted lace. Fashionable women elect to have the lace which is knitted by hand in the faint Roman colors.

For Summer Mornings.

For summer morning wear the cotton blouse and stuff or silk skirt are not only tidier to look upon than a wrapper, but are, I verily believe, more comfortable to wear. I do not advise too high a collar, nor a straining after tailor effects, but instead a soft, easy-fitting blouse, held in at the waist-line by draw-strings, and having its collar and cuffs somewhat stiffer than the bodice proper. The wash-silk blouses, those seen at the best shirtmakers, are quite soft and have a very high turned-over collar, and cuffs to match, stiffened with buckram. The short-throated woman must always be considered in summer time, so catering to her there is offered a rather small sailor collar on her blouse, either of embroidery or muslin, with a narrow lace frill on the edge. A soft silk tie is looped in a bow and ends or knitted in sailor fashion as is best liked. The stiff scarf is avoided when the sailor collar, counted a neglige, is worn.

The draped or folded ribbon collar may be worn by the short-throated woman if it is not very high. It must, too, be quite simple, the stiff rossettes of ribbon or bunches of small blossoms being left to that "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," with the slender throat. A bodice suited to all women has a comfortable V-opening at the neck, and worn as a decoration is a Marie Antoinette fichu of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

SUIT FOR BOY OF 12. GIRLS' CREPON FROCK WITH LARGE COLLAR.

DIMITY BLOUSE WITH INSERTION AND LACE.

Summer Waists.

A white nainsook waist, of which an illustration is given, may serve as a model for the waist of a wash dress, or as a separate blouse. It has a square tucked yoke banded with insertions of embroidery, to which the lower part is gathered with a heading. Down the front are two bands of embroidery with tucks on either side. The sleeves are drooping elbow puffs traversed by bands of insertion, and other bands form the collar and belt.

A blouse of pink and white striped wash-silk is made with a square neck framed in bands of open cream guipure laid upon pink silk, forming a yoke. In the square neck is a separate little guimpe of white nainsook, with a double frill of narrow yellow Valenciennes at the neck. The three quarter sleeve is gathered along the inner seam to a band of the underlaid lace, and has a cuff of the same above a drooping ruffle of nainsook with insertion and lace edging.

White shoes and slippers are almost a necessity with ladies for evening dress, and they are much affected nowadays for street wear. The one fault with them is that they are easily soiled, and therefore considered expensive. It's all a mistake, and you'll do some of your lady customers a favor if you will inform them that by the use of a little "elbow grease" and a few cents' worth of dry pipe clay, they can keep the shoes as white as ever. On suede leather rub with the grain so as to avoid roughing the skin. Use a toothbrush and don't be afraid of rubbing too much.

Harmony in Colors.

The following general rules on color effects may be helpful to those who may not have given thought to the subject.

Yellow and green form an agreeable combination.

Greenish-yellow and violet blend nicely.

The arrangement of yellow and blue is more agreeable than that of yellow and green, but it is less lively.

Red and green intensify each other.

Orange-yellow, when placed by the side of indigo increases its intensity, and vice versa.

Yellow and indigo combine perfectly.

Red and orange do not accord well.

For the Ladies' Journal

DE PROFUNDIS.

By Kostka.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

After a careful perusal of the long letter which Mrs. Vallery addressed to her son, Ned did not wonder at Norbert's all-night vigil, nor his evident remorse. Many things of the utmost importance relative to the estate and its future management which, until then she had always attended to herself, were now confided to him; at the same time impressing on his mind the necessity there was of immediate and careful attention to the matter of certain investments she made mention of. "Bad, sure," said Ned, with characteristic brevity, as he paused to turn the page. His brow corrugated in a grave, troubled way when he read:

"You remember Miss Inslow who was your governess in childhood; she married, and is now a widow, and is suffering with an illness from which she cannot recover. She has one child, a boy of six or seven, whom a brother of hers is anxious to adopt and take with him to the far western states. For many reasons the mother is most averse to having her child thus disposed of. I have discussed the subject with her, and found that she is not only willing but anxious to resign him completely to your guardianship, and it is my earnest desire that you should take charge of him. I feel that there is no need for me to appeal to either your kindness or your generosity in the matter, as there is more danger of your going to extremes in both than of being remiss in either. At present you may have him taught at home; in fact I think it will be the wisest course, as it will at the start give you ample opportunities of spending your time more usefully than in fruitless grieving and vain regrets. Give the boy all the advantages of a superior education and fit him for any business or profession for which he may show a preference. I told his mother that you would attend to the matter at your very earliest convenience, and it is my most solemn wish and desire that you should do so. But for my own failing health I would have all things satisfactorily arranged before your arrival." "Bad, awfully," was Ned's comment at this juncture; then he read on to where Mrs. Vallery made a special request. It was that during the coming winter he should visit her god-child, Eva Leister, who like himself was an orphan, and at present living with her guardian at Baltimore. "Had I lived," wrote Mrs. Vallery, "I would neither coerce or interfere with your inclinations in regard to your choice of a companion for life, beyond advising as I thought best for your happiness, neither do I now; but concerning Eva this much I may admit. Did I think that in time you would both learn to entertain for each other warmer sentiments than that of mere friendship, it would give me both pleasure and consolation; for the daughter of such a mother as was Eva's cannot fail to inherit many of the sterling qualities which distinguished that mother as one of the noblest of women, whom sickness, sorrow and various adversities made only the more brave and womanly," etc., etc.

Folding and laying down the letter, Ned's comment was, "What a vile dose that young vagabond with his own hand has concocted for himself. It was of the most vital importance that he should know the contents of that letter almost the hour he arrived in Toronto, and here it has been lying for over a year with the seal unbroken: it is almost past believing. Well, he'll have to take his medicine, that's all, and rank enough he'll find it, while the knowledge that it is his own compounding will not make it any the sweeter."

A few days later when the subject was under discussion Norbert said: "I shall most certainly go and see Eva, that at least I can and shall do; not that I feel a particle of interest in her, and marry her I am willing to also, even though she proved as ugly as Malla and as vindictive as Maroque."

"What charming and praiseworthy dispositions with which to enter the matrimonial state," said Ned, with stinging sarcasm. "Could I prevail on you to believe that Miss Leister might feel that she had a right to a voice in the matter, that she might in fact claim the privilege of rejecting your highness!"

"O Ned," exclaimed Norbert, with marked deprecation, "don't misunderstand me. I spoke thus strongly because it seems an infinite relief to be left even the chance of doing anything my mother requested me to do: for as you well know my culpable neglect has put it out of my power to comply with nearly every request she made. It would be wrong, I know, to think of marrying Eva without the proper affection and regard, and as you say she may feel ill-disposed to accept any advances from me; at the same time I don't think there is much fear that I shall at sight of her become matrimonially inclined, if she has grown up anything like she was as a child."

The fact was that Eva and her mother spent a winter with Mrs. Vallery shortly after Mrs. Leister became a widow. Eva was a very delicate child and Norbert often spoke of her to his companions as "always getting frightened at nothing, crying if you only looked at her, all the time having the mumps, measles, chicken-pox, and lots of other things just as bad." It was this mental vision of the frail little girl that rose before Norbert when he declared that there was not much fear of his becoming "matrimonially inclined," never taking thought as to what a change ten years might produce, and that a little girl of eight and a young lady of eighteen were, as a rule, the most different beings one could well imagine.

When his month's visit at Washington came to an end Norbert started for Baltimore with the intention of looking up Eva and her guardian, Mrs. Fielding.

Upon enquiry he learned that they had gone to New Orleans where they intended remaining the winter. To New Orleans Norbert went and found the little girl for whom in the days gone by he had such supreme contempt, a charming, graceful, young lady, as little like the wild, unsophisticated, but loving, impulsive creature of his Mexican adventure as the stately garden lily is like the fiery-hearted wild rose of the tropics. Her calm, blue eyes deepening at times almost to violet were a striking contrast to Zivola's somber, restless orbs; her wavy, golden hair, artistically arranged, was at variance with the other's dark, flowing tresses, and in all things else the extreme unsimilarity was sustained. Norbert found himself constantly showing comparisons, not to the disadvantage of Zivola, be it understood, for even yet the glamor of those days so blissfully spent—despite what it had cost him to spend them was on him, and the memory of her caressing touch, her tender tone, her quaint, free grace of manner and bearing, had the power to thrill him even while it caused him bitter pain. But gradually he found out what many find too late, that after all the sentiment he entertained for Zivola was very far removed from the true affection of which his heart was capable. That sentiment, he found, was but a passing infatuation called into life by the charm of the girl's rich beauty, the winning kindness and attentions she bestowed on him when prostrated by weakness and weariness, and hungering for sympathy and affection. Then her helpless, unprotected position appealed to him, and if "love begets love," her lavish bestowal of her heart's richest store, touched in him a responsive chord, luring him into the belief that equally he was giving to what was being bestowed; while in reality his heart was but "shedding its outer leaves," leaving its inner depths all untouched. Fully he realized this truth, as with Eva constantly by his side, a kindred spirit, most companionable in every way because of her training, her similar tastes and pursuits, her associations and surroundings; and her quiet, gentle grace and pleasing accomplishments had an ever increasing attraction for Norbert, and gradually a deeper feeling than one of mere friendship was taking possession of the two young people. By every means in her power, Mrs. Fielding endeavoured to bring about an attachment between her ward and Norbert. She need not have so exerted herself, for aside from the affection Norbert soon felt for Eva, there was the almost intense desire to in this at least succeed in following the last wishes of his mother. Not to linger before the winter was over they were engaged. At first Eva refused to have an earlier date mentioned for their wedding than a year or at least six months.

Against this decision Mrs. Fielding brought all her powers of persuasion to bear; and Norbert pleaded his lonely, bereaved home and lack of companionship, his desire to commence some definite course or pursuit in life; his need of one to encourage and stimulate him to perseverance and success, the result was that Eva consented that the marriage should take place at the end of spring.

Norbert found it necessary to visit Toronto, and on his return to New Orleans took in Washington, and in something of a shame-faced way, made known the state of affairs to his friend Ned.

"You have told Miss Leister of your Mexican escapade of course?" said Ned, eyeing him keenly.

"Why no,—certainly not—I never thought of such a thing," replied Norbert, feeling both embarrassed and annoyed at having it ever mentioned.

"Well you will do as you please of course," said Ned, "but I shall take the liberty of remarking that if you haven't thought of it now, you may have occasion to think of it later on and add it to a few other things which want of 'thought' gave you cause to regret."

"It is useless; I could not do so," said Norbert after a short pause. "Besides I see no reason why it should be mentioned, or what benefit it would be to anybody. No need to keep on rehearsing it! better let it rest."

"Perhaps," replied Ned very dryly, "only it might act like the ghost of a certain individual we read about which could not be prevailed upon to rest."

"It is useless Ned," said Norbert emphatically, "to try to convince me; so let us drop the subject."

And the subject was dropped.

At the appointed time the marriage took place, the young couple going direct to Toronto, where they spent the summer, during which they arranged their plans for the future. They were to return to New Orleans in the autumn, when Norbert was to devote himself to painting, at Eva's earnest solicitation, who had a talent and an absorbing love for it herself as some excellent specimens of her work made evident.

Norbert's life was very full of quiet happiness, which he fully appreciated after the ordeal through which he had passed, and although his prospects for the future seemed blissfully bright and full of promise, the high spirits and frequent outbursts of mirth and song never broke forth as of old before his mother's death; still, as he expressed it to his friend Ned, he was "divinely happy and supremely content."

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

The summer and autumn months were past, Norbert and his young wife were back at New Orleans preparing for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. In the meantime Norbert had entered heart and soul into his new occupation of portrait painter. Eva, who was no inferior critic, assuring him that did he but persevere in the cultivation and development of his abilities there was

favor in store for him, telling him playfully that as soon as he reached a certain standard of excellence in his art he would be rewarded by being allowed to paint her portrait.

Willingly he set to work to acquire the degree of proficiency which she declared he must attain before he would be privileged to make the attempt.

One morning while Norbert was wholly absorbed in copying an exquisite "Madona and child," from an original by Palasquez he was roused by a light touch on his arm. Thinking that Eva who had gone out with her former guardian, Mrs. Fielding, had returned, and that his pre-occupation prevented him hearing her enter, he turned with a smile to ask for an approving criticism. But the smile died out leaving his face deathwhite and rigid.

For a moment he went completely blind, the brush fell from his nerveless hands, as there before him in the flesh only thin, haggard, worn-looking and wild-eyed stood Zivola. Stunned and bewildered though Norbert was, he realised on the instant how terrible was the mistake he made, how guilty of cruel wrong he had been to Eva, in with-holding from her that Mexican adventure and its results.

In that brief time many things flashed through his mind. Chief among them Ned's advice to tell Eva all, and his emphatic refusal. Grasping his arm Zivola said eagerly.

"I come Norbert to stay with you to live with you always, you must go away from me never any more."

The spell was broken, Norbert's power of speech returned.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked, still gazing into the changed, but familiar face. "Do the dead come back?"

"I was not dead, Norbert," exclaimed the girl, vehemently. "Marque he carry me off, he come back sooner than we thought. Mulla she hear all we say; how I know not. They say I am mad, that I must be shut up. Marque took me miles and miles away and lock me in a queer house all alone, just a woman to watch me. He come one day and tell me that I am dead and laugh, oh! so loud. He tell me that he fix my grave, that when you come there will be another grave only there will be something in that one; then when I say I will marry him I will be free. I think I go mad then. I woke one night my head clear; I watch my chance, I escape. I hide round, I go to the cave. I get my jewels, the tin box and the dagger. See, here it is, I always keep it with me." Producing it. "I meet an Indian man and woman who were kind, very kind, who sell some of my jewels for me. But oh! how tell you all? how tell you half? I go to Toronto, they tell me that you were here. I come, I find you, so glad am I, for I am tired, O, so tired Norbert."

All this Zivola poured forth in a breathless torrent; then seating herself with a sigh of weariness and content repeated again.

"I am so tired, Norbert, and I think sick, but I stay here and rest."

"But you cannot stay here," cried Norbert. "You must not stay here, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Not stay here?" she asked in wonder and surprise, then "are you going to take me some other place than here? Don't, Norbert, here I would like to stay; I am tired of all the places."

"Listen to me Zivola," said Norbert through his dry, cold lips. "I went for you at the time appointed. Mulla and Marque told me you were dead, showed me your grave, and how could I suppose that you were not dead and in it? Had I found you there as I fully expected to, I would have taken you with me and performed faithfully all that I had promised. After that I came here to New Orleans to see a friend of my mothers, a young girl not much older than yourself. Do you hear Zivola? do you understand what I am telling you?" he asked sharply, for she seemed to take but little interest in what he was talking about. To be there with him seemed all sufficient, explanations were needless.

"I hear, Norbert," she answered, rather puzzled at his stern tone.

"Well, then," he continued, "this friend of whom I told you, my mother wished me to marry; thinking you were dead I married her."

Zivola was interested enough now. Springing to her feet, she asked incredulously, "Married her did you say, Norbert? Me it was you were to marry, did you not tell me that, O, so many times? What is it you mean, Norbert?"

"Oh listen, and try and comprehend what I am telling you, then you will understand how impossible it is that you should remain here," exclaimed Norbert in an agony of anxiety and fear that Eva would appear on the scene, or that some of the servants might observe his strange visitor before he could persuade her to go.

"You cannot remain here; it would be terribly wrong for me to allow you to do so. I am a married man, my wife is here with me, it was wrong for you to come here at all in this way."

"Your wife she lives here with you Norbert?" she asked appearing still not to fully understand, "but I am here now," she continued. "Send her away. I will stay with you, for did you not say so? I dare not leave you any more, I dare not. Mulla and Marque, they might find me then—Oh! Yes, stay I must, Norbert."

"You are talking the wildest nonsense Zivola," he exclaimed passionately, as grasping her arm he continued: "You must go away this instant. All that I can do for you I am willing to do. I shall find you a home some place, and see that your every want is supplied; more I cannot do."

"But am I not to live with you always?" she persisted. The certainty that such would be the case seemed to have taken possession of her mind so completely, that it was almost impossible to convince her to the contrary.

"No! great heavens no! have I not told you over and over again that it cannot be? that it is out of the question. I am a married man. My wife is here with me, is living with me and will continue to live with me. Why is it or how is it that you do not understand how impossible it is that you should remain here?"

"And she it is who will live with you always, is it?" she asked, a lurid light burning in the great dark eyes, a sudden deep calm in voice and manner that chilled him.

"Yes," he replied, "all my life; who else should a wife live with but her husband all her life?"

"All her life," repeated Zivola looking strongly and intently at him. "And her it is that you love Norbert?" she persisted.

"Yes, she it is that I love," corrected Norbert.

"You said that you loved me; that thus it would be always, how is it? do you love me now?" Still in the same calm, tense voice.

"No, I love my wife; it would be wicked for me to love anyone else." Then forgetting all prudence in his desperation he exclaimed passionately: "I think I shall hate you if you don't go this instant. Why, why don't you understand, why don't you go?"

"I am going Norbert," she answered, the dangerous light in the restless glowing eyes deepening and intensifying as she spoke. "You're married, your wife will live with you all your life; yes all your life, ha!"

A low laugh caused Norbert's heart to stand still. For an instant he closed his eyes to collect his thoughts and try and say something to conciliate the girl whom he felt he had made his enemy; when he opened them and was about to speak, lo! he was alone. He flew to the open window which led to the balcony, then out into the hall; hurried down its spacious length into a small conservatory from which ran a flight of steps ending at the door of the conservatory below; down those steps he looked, but no where was Zivola to be seen.

ZELL.

For days after his encounter with Zivola, Norbert lived in a perfect fever of anxiety and dread.

Madly he now regreted that he did not take the young American's advice and tell his betrothed every detail of that episode in Mexico. Had he done so he could now warn Eva, and if he so requested, she would, he knew, be willing to leave New Orleans within twenty-four hours. Should he do so now? He pondered the question and concluded he must not, as it would both distress and alarm her. No, it must not be thought of. And if he could contrive a sufficient reason for an immediate departure to Europe or elsewhere. Could he ask Eva in her present state of health to undertake a long and perhaps unpleasent voyage?

No, it was out of the question, the fates were against him, he must only stay by her, never leave her out of his sight, shield and protect her day and night. Yes, that was all, that for the time he could do until the summer, then he would take her—where? It mattered not he thought, even to the remotest part of the earth, were it necassary; any place where he might feel that danger could not reach her. With painful distinctness he recalled Zivola's fierce declaration that she would kill the woman who would dare to come between her and the man she loved, and there was that in her voice and look at the end of their terrible interview the memory of which caused his heart to sink with a chill sickening sense of fear. As for Eva she wondered very much at the sudden and unaccountable change in her husband. He appeared to be always ill at ease, lost all interest in his work, was never content to allow her out of his sight, became morbidly anxious about the fastenings of the doors and windows, a precaution that puzzled and amused the young wife not a little. To her anxious enquiries he answered with some light jest, frequently remarking that he was anxious to get back to his Canadian home; saying that he did not like New Orleans as well as he expected to and would be glad to leave it.

"Four months is not such a very long time after all," said Eva, "we shall, if all is well, be leaving here early in May, and there is no need for us to remain; as for next winter I have quite decided that I shall spend it in Toronto."

Ah! could she but know of the dark frightening shadow that had fallen over Norbert's life, the dread foreboding that was weighing on his heart, would she speak so confidentally of "next winter."

Four weeks went by, still no word or sign of Zivola. Norbert began to hope that his fears had been unwarranted, and that perhaps after all Zivola had disappeared for good; he became less watchful and uneasy. Shortly after his interview with Zivola, a boy whom the cook had taken quite a fancy to, became a frequent visitor down stairs. He ran messages and errands, did anything required of him. In a short time he became almost indispensable, his company alone furnishing amusement to all the domestic old and young.

He could mimic anything or anybody, was somewhat of a ventriloquist, would frighten them half out of their wits one moment and convulse them with laughter the next, and was always ready and willing to serve or oblige all in any way he could. Norbert hearing something of all this made a few enquiries of the latter who informed him with true negro eloquence that he was, "the most beautifulest and cleverest boy" he ever met, that he could do almost anything with his voice, his eyes or his body. Norbert smiled at the butler's enthusiastic description and forgot the incident almost immediately. A few nights after this Zell as the boy called himself put in an appearance and was in the most extravagant spirits. In the midst of a general

outburst of laugater which his tricks had produced he suddenly disappeared. They looked for him to return, which, however, he failed to do ; but as he frequently made his exit in just such a manner no notice was taken of his departure. About an hour after from the top of the stairs came Norbert's voice calling to the butler. The man rose hastily to obey, a little surprised at the unusual summons, for the hour was very late. On reaching the first landing he was still more surprised at not finding his master awaiting him, and was about to ascend the second stairs when there rang through the house a wild shriek, terrifying in its intense expression of mortal anguish. As much in terror as to learn the cause of that awful cry, the man bounded up the stairs, and stood breathless in the wide hall on the second landing.

On one side of the hall was the studio and the private apartments of Norbert and Eva, on the other were the apartments occupied by Mrs. Fielding who now rushed out in dishabille as she had been preparing to retire for the night. The studio door stood open, to it she hastened, followed by the butler and other of the servants who had been roused by the terrible cry. On entering the room they found Norbert hastening towards them, a long gleaming stiletto in his right hand, from which blood was freely dripping. "Did you see any one?" he asked, frantically, "look quick, they will escape! Oh! Eva my darling what have I done? I should have warned you ; now it is too late."

"Have you gone mad Norbert? What has happened? Where is Eva?" asked Mrs. Fielding, her limbs trembling so she could scarcely stand. "Where is Eva?" she repeated, as Norbert did not reply, but stood with a dazed look of unutterable horror in his eyes. "Where, Oh! God, where!" he cried out wildly then. "It is all my doing. Oh! Eva." Mrs. Fielding and two or three of the servants passed him and hastened to the alcove in front of which stood Norbert's easel ; fearing they knew not what. The alcove was a little silk and lace draped nook. A heavy velvet portier alone dividing it from the young peoples' private apartments beyond.

Eva was wont to occupy this "nest," as Norbert termed it—while he worked ; chatting pleasantly between times. That night she had been posing for Norbert ; the subject to be a life sized portrait of herself ; and from an incident which occured shortly after their marriage to be called.

"Even in dreams" Mrs. Fielding as was usual with her spent some time with them before retiring for the night. Shortly before she left the studio Eva declaring that she was very tired with so much "posing" threw herself on a couch in the alcove, and the spot where she last saw her Mrs. Fielding hurried. On reaching the entrance she stood still as if stricken dead. There with an inarticulate exclamation of horror, staggered back and would have fallen had not one of the servants caught her. Eva still lay on the couch in the same careless attitude of abandonment in which she had thrown herself down. She wore a loose flowing robe of snow white India mull ; a fleecy wrap of palest blue partially enveloped her ; her hands were clasped above her head and rested on the cushion over which fell in shining waves and silky rings her golden hair, the wide loose sleeves of her white robe fell away from her arms leaving them bare almost to the shoulder ; her small feet were encased in a pair of blue satin slippers with rosettes and diamond buckles ; her whole position exactly the same as when she threw herself down to rest.

But never again thoughout all time would she complain of weariness, the little satin shod feet had taken their last steps ; the snowy arms would never again be tossed above the fair young head ; the slumber which sealed her eyelids now would know no awakening ; it was eternal.

Her white robe, the blue velvet couch, the carpet were all stained with her life blood which could be seen to flow from a wound in the region of her heart. Stunned and speechless the servants looked on in terror ; a few moments since they were indulging in jest, in laughter and in song little thinking that their kind young mistress was being done to death by a fiendish assassin.

Before they could recover themselves sufficiently to make a comment or ask a question voices at the door of the studio attracted their attention.

Turning from the appalling sight they saw an officer of the law confronting Norbert, who like a man in a state of somnambulation stood looking vacently ahead the stiletto still clenched in his hand.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to make him reply to his questions the man took him by the shoulder and accompanied his questions with a rude shake. "What have you been doing with that dangerous looking weapon?" he asked, "how come the blood on it? has any one been hurt?" Norbert was roused from his comatose state to the fearful realization of what had happened ; and dropping the stiletto he uttered these fatal words: "It was I who did it, it was all my fault. Oh! Eva, Eva my darling! my loved one. I should have warned you ; I should have taken you to the uttermost parts of the earth; how was it I did not?"

Then he fell unconscious at the officers feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. Joab Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back ; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

Tact in Conversation.

As we mingle with the prominent women of our day, we are often conscious of their lack of true womanly graciousness. Some are businesslike in their address ; some are patronizing ; but few possess the perfectly satisfactory manner. Some return a greeting with such an air of being forced to speak that the recipient vows never to make advances in that direction again. Many times the heart of her of the stiff manner is not unkind ; she only has not mastered the art of being gracious, or natural diffidence needs to be overcome.

"Oh, how I envy you your ability to chat so freely with every one you meet," sometimes says to me a woman whom I have never suspected of the least desire to be pleasing. "Do tell me how you do it!" "Do it? Why I just exert myself to do it. I know people enjoy being spoken to, they like to have me interested when they tell me something that has annoyed them or given them pleasure, and so, for the time being, I am theirs. I feel, too, as if one should not be found in a social company unless one is willing to contribute to the general sociability."

"Well, I wish I could succeed as you do, but"—with a sigh—"I never can express myself."

"But try," I urge. "Perhaps you will not need to say so very much. A few words pleasantly directed to your neighbor will often start her upon a line of conversation in which you will only require to listen and reply occasionally. Be interested in her methods and learn from her how to do it yourself when you have need.

A few women have a certain pride in failing to please these they address. They like to tell plain facts, to contradict the statements of others, and to say in excuse, if some one's feelings are obviously hurt, "Oh, it is my way. You must not mind me. I never mince matters." To such obscurers of the social sunshine I would recommend a severe course of training in the art of saying pleasant things, with a heavy forfeit to pay for every slip of the tongue into its old evil ways. We have no right in this life of ours to wilfully say what will wound another, and it is difficult for even the most philosophical among us to escape the smart that follows the speech of the woman who "always tells the truth" as she sees it.

A Camphor Bottle.

One who is in delicate health or is subject to fainting spells, should never travel without a camphor bottle. A convenient one for the pocket is one of the small flat bottles in which soda mints are put up. These have a top that screws on, and one of the larger sizes will hold sufficient for any emergency.

Cover it with chamois cut in two pieces, following the outline of the bottle, but making it about a quarter of an inch larger every way.

Then punch small eyelet holes around each piece of chamois except across the neck, and lace them together over the bottle with baby ribbon. Cut a narrow strip of chamois and wind it around the neck of the bottle, fastening it with a double knot, and leaving two short ends, which may be pointed or rounded to look like a small bow.

This little bottle can be easily carried in the hand or slipped into the pocket, and the chamois will prove a great protection against its being broken.

Health For The Mother Sex.

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND (price 75c) cures Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and all weaknesses of the female sex.

The periodic pains to which every woman is liable are perfectly controlled and the dreaded time passes by almost unnoticed. Ladies who suffer from uterine troubles must of necessity turn to the most reliable help, and thousands testify that MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND is that ready and sure cure. Letters from suffering women addressed to the "A.M.C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "personal" will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk, and will not go beyond the hands of one of the "Mother Sex." Druggists everywhere sell MILES' (Canadian) VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Price 75c.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be generally built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London Eng.

THE SUMMER COMPLEXION.

A Talk With Blondes.

Sunburn may be fashionable, but, alas! it is undeniably unbecoming to blondes.

A brunette usually tans a glorious bronze that suits her dark hair and eyes to perfection, and offsets the reds, browns and yellows that she preferably wears with a picturesque charm all its own, so she needs little advice on this subject.

A blonde, on the contrary, simply burns a deep, painful-looking red, extending from the waving locks on her forehead to the frill of her jaunty shirt-waist. Even the bluest eyes look faded out above it, and if a day or two of stormy weather gives it a chance to cool off, it leaves a darksome hue in its wake that is anything but desirable if beauty and not fashion is to be considered.

"It's no use! You can't take care of your complexion and have a good time, too," said a pretty blonde to me the other day. "I've tried it myself, all smothered up in a green veil when the mercury was at 90 in the shade, never going anywhere without a sun umbrella, or out rowing till the sun went down. O, dear! I was a perfect martyr all one season, and now I just get nicely burned as soon as I can, and have it over with for good and all. There's no going back then, and I do enjoy myself, so that I don't care a fig for looks, only for fun."

It is a little hard to "dress up" in the evening, when nothing seems to suit the sunburned face and hands so well as the negligee outing costume we wear daily, which, by the way, should be navy blue or dark green; but suppose we have a secret talk together, my blue-eyed maids, before it is time to appear at the tea-table, and see if things cannot be bettered a little?

First let me tell you, before you go on a water excursion, to thoroughly bathe both face, neck and hands with any pure cold cream, an excellent preparation for warding off and removing sunburn, that can be bought at any druggist's. Then when you enter your room all heated and tired on your arrival home, first take a sponge bath, and after it fill a deep basin with lukewarm water, and into it boldly plunge your face, holding your breath and closing your eyes. Keep it there as long as possible without breathing, then "come to the surface," take a deep breath and try it again, repeating the process a number of times. Gently dab your face dry with a soft towel, afterward sponging it lightly with alcohol, and sit or, what is better, lie down and rest half an hour or longer. At the end of that time you will find its color will have perceptibly diminished, and a little baby powder deftly applied will remove the shiny appearance and tone down the overredness effectively. On retiring for the night, bathe the face, neck and arms again, and apply the cold cream as before directed.

Cool grays, blues, greens and pure white will be found the most satisfactory for a blonde's summer wear.

Lastly, get a yard or two of pink, blue and white-checked gingham, and make yourself a picturesque shirred sun-bonnet, with all manner of frills and fluting, and wear it to the bathing beach, or on the cat-boat—in short, wherever shade is not, and you are likely to be for any length of time.

Besides being very useful, this sensible headgear is considered very appropriate and becoming for country wear.

What Nots!

Why not remove white spots from furniture by holding close to them a hot shovel? This will cause them to quickly disappear.

Why not sprinkle sassafras bark among dried fruit when it is stored for winter use? This is the best method of keeping out the worms, which often prove troublesome.

The best material to use for a pudding bag is thin unbleached muslin. The bag should always be scalded before it is used. The string used to tie it with should be a piece of strong and immaculately clean white tape.

Macaroni is a paste or dough prepared from the glutinous, granular flour of hard varieties of wheat pressed into long tubes, through the perforated bottom of a vessel furnished with mandrels, and afterward dried either by the sun or by artificial heat.

Two years ago I had occasion to fumigate the house on account of scarlet fever, and burned brimstone plentifully. Previous to that time I had been somewhat troubled with moths, bedbugs and buffalo bugs. After fumigating I did not see a sign of any kind of a bug.

In the care of brass bedsteads no polishing powders nor liquids should be employed, the brass requiring nothing more than a rubbing with a soft rag to keep it looking bright. After the lacquer is broken by the use of powder it will be a task to keep the brass in anything like good condition. The lacquer with which these bedsteads are finished is not meant to be disturbed, but is intended to protect the brass from tarnishing through action of the air. These remarks apply equally as well to the brass handles and other trimmings to be found on furniture. Should the handles tarnish by moisture from contact with the hand they may be relacquered at small expense to look as well as ever.

Learning to Swim.

The directions sound so easy. "Let the body take an easy horizontal position, with the legs about nine inches below the water and arms about three, the back slightly hollowed, and the head lifted sufficiently to keep the nose and mouth above water." You repeat it to yourself while your patient instructor holds up your chin, and wonder, weakly, how you can find out how many inches below the water your feet are. You decide you will not attempt absolute exactness on that point, but will follow your teacher's advice and take a long breath and strike out. You strike out, trying to make long, deliberate strokes, as you have been told to do, but probably paying much attention to your arms, and giving little irregular, ineffectual kicks.

"It is the legs that ought to do the most of the work," says your teacher, "and you should give the strokes in unison."

It sounds easy, but each arm and each leg seems to have some crazy notion of its own, and wants to go floundering off aimlessly and awkwardly by itself. After several lessons you get them under a little better control, and your teacher takes his hand from under your chin to let you try it alone. Upon which you kick wildly, get the water in your mouth, and make a great fuss.

"Body in an easy, horizontal position," "lungs full of air," "long, deliberate strokes," "arms and legs in unison," not a word did you remember of it all. You were only conscious of that awful sinking feeling, that wild clutching at safety. Can one think of long deliberate strokes when death stares one in the face? No. When you come to consider, you have to admit that there was no real danger, and that you could not possibly have drowned in that depth of water; but still you cannot feel sure that you would be any less frightened next time.

It is not

An experiment—but a *Proved Success.* Thousands of housekeepers who at first thought they never could use any shortening but lard, now use **COTTOLENE** and couldn't be induced to change, simply because it is better, cheaper and more healthful. The genuine has this trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Look for it.

Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Say Not.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Copied for THE LADIES' JOURNAL by Mabel Morgan, aged 11 years.

Other People's Convenience.

We ought to think of other people's convenience more than some of us do. The home is the place where this thoughtfulness ought to begin to be cultivated. One who comes late to breakfast admits that he is guilty of an amiable self-indulgence, but forgets that he has marred the harmonious flow of the household life, and caused confusion and extra work. The other day an important committee of fifteen was kept waiting ten minutes for one tardy member, who came sauntering in at last, without even an apology for causing fifteen men a loss of time that to them was very valuable, besides having put a sore strain on their patience and good nature. Common life is full of just such thoughtlessness, which causes untold personal inconvenience, and ofttimes produces irritation and hurts the hearts of friends. We ought to train ourselves in all our life to think also of other people.

The Overkind Friend.

"Did you ever have an overkind frind?" One of the sort that considered it her duty to tell you unpleasant truths? To pay you visits when you wished to be alone? And to criticise closely everything you did or said or thought? The kind of friend that came at 4 o'clock in the afternoon with the intention of dining with you, and when she departed at 9 left you feeling so unhappy that you wished somebody might be killed, you don't exactly mention who? This is the kind of a friend, so-called, who talks about your weaknesses to her other friends and never confesses that you have any virtues. She doesn't require an invitation to pay you a visit, and consequently, she is certain to appear at some time when your skeleton is dancing the cancan, and making it overvisible. She gets acquainted with your pet vice and then she talks to you about it before people.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The Calf Path.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves
should;

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail, o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was
made,

And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed- do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding woodway stalk
ed,
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
And bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,

And this before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun,
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf!

Ah! many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

Sam W. Foss.

There is some value in being abused, for thoroughly worthless people do not receive even that much notice.

Date of General Election.

When is it to be? This question is disturbing the souls of politicians. In view of the material alteration in the commercial policy of the country which would be involved in a change of government it is a matter which concerns the general public. Meanwhile the aching corns of the populace cry for a remedy and the government give no heed to the demand. Look here! don't suffer this neglect to delay the use of means open to all and which removes the most painful and obstinate corns in two days. Painless, sure acting corn cure.—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A New Class of Microbes.

Those scientists who have been discovering millions upon millions of microbes in every conceivable and inconceivable lurking place—who have declared the telephone to be loaded with them, imperiling the health if not the lives of all approaching this very convenient instrument; and who have figured out to their own satisfaction that even a kiss of affection is loaded with the horrid infinitesimals—have quite possibly omitted one important factor in the premises from which their alarming deductions have been made. They have apparently taken it for granted that all of these unnumbered millions of little things, whose habits and peculiarities are so much of a sealed book to the common people, are the deadly, as well as the very potent, enemies of humanity. But now comes Dr. Bridger of England, who has been looking into the matter, let us suppose with the same facilities for accurate information as his medical brethren, and declares that microbes are of two classes; that they consist of friendly tribes, so to speak, as well as those upon the warpath against human health, and that it is an extremely friendly race that is encountered in giving or receiving a kiss! The learned doctor goes even further, and affirms that this particular family are very helpful to digestion, and that plenty of kissing is a sure cure for dyspepsia! Well! well, how science does clear up the mysteries of life in these later days! We always realized that there was something very helpful to the system in a tender kiss, earnestly bestowed and gratefully received, but never thought of it as connected with the digestion! Welcome, Dr. Bridger, to the great army of modern discoverers! Find some more of those friendly tribes, please, and tell us all about them; it is so cheering to know that not all of these numberless millions must be met and treated as enemies!

An Alibi.

Mr. Gruffpop (angrily)—"How dare you, sir, kiss my daughter under my very nose!"

Jack Dashley. "Excuse my awkwardness. I meant to kiss her under hers."

Do Not Forget

that there is no preparation whatever that compares with Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder for use in warm weather. It stands alone in that respect.

It also stands alone as the only article of its kind that is approved by the highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation.

It is as refreshing as a tonic; in fact it is a Skin Tonic.

It relieves sun-burn and chafing, entirely does away with unpleasant odors, cures Prickly Heat, Tender Feet, Blotches, Pimples and Salt Rheum. It is cooling and healing after shaving.

Mothers who once use it, both for their babies and themselves, cannot understand how they ever got along without it.

"Success breeds imitation." Be sure to get "Mennen's;" all others are imitations and liable to do harm.

If you have not tried it send for free sample to G. Mennen, 577 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

SOME PEOPLE

Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats.

OTHERS

Up to Date People, wear

RIGBY

Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU have.

Gluttony.

In the great effort to put down drink, the evil of gluttony, its twin brother, is forgotten. Women are as prone to over-eating, as men to drink. There are hundreds of women in this city actually ill because of the incessant nibbling between meals. Go into any of the restaurants, at any hour of the day, and you will find women satiating themselves with ice cream and cakes, with fruit and candy. Week after week letters are received asking for cures for corpulence, and giving diet list that would astonish a navvy, and tax his ostrich-like powers of digestion to their limits. "I am suffering from dyspepsia," writes an Essex county lady, "and increasing corpulence which I cannot account for, as I eat very little at meal-times. Of course I frequently eat between meals, but a couple of sandwiches and a box or two of candy don't count for much in the way of nourishment." And she goes on to give a startling account of her pickings and nibblings, such as a glass of milk and a sandwich at eleven a.m., after a "light" breakfast of porridge and bacon and eggs. Then comes luncheon at one, an interlude of ice cream and candy at about three in the afternoon; tea and thin bread and butter at four; dinner at six, nibblings at eight, supper at ten, and all this with little or no exercise! No wonder the good lady had dyspepsia and nightmare, and thirty-six inch corsets. Men do not transgress in this way as badly as women, but then they do other things.

The third woman to receive the degree of LL. D. is Miss Frances Willard. The only others thus honored were Maria Mitchell and Amelia B. Edwards.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time."

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

—USE—

Covernton's Nipple Oil.

To harden the Nipples before confinement use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. Should your Druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Quebec.

"At Home."

An amusing story is told of a dry as-dust Scotch professor, who received an "at home" card, just after those missives became fashionable. It read as follows:

"Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T—, and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be 'at home' on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock."

This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote: "Professor T—— returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is well. Professor T—— is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Professor T—— will also be at home."

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and $1.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How It Was Found By a Lanark County Lady.

She Had Suffered for Years From Weakness and Pains in the Back—Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Brockville Recorder.

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, lives Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she has been entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Conservative.

"Of all the stupid, dull, unprogressive people in the world defend me from the woman who never learns anything new in household science, but always folds her stockings and makes her beds like her mother used to do!" exclaimed the energetic little woman in the smart black gown.

And her hearer replied: "Yes; progression is good, and I believe firmly in testing all kinds of new ways, with a view to delivering women from the tyranny of petty household duties. Somebody very truly called the old methods 'Individualism run mad.' But when you come to speak of some special favored method of folding clothes, or making beds, or completing in dainty fashion any one of the thousand trifles which all we housekeepers perform, or at least oversee, I must say that to me a pleasant and even a healthy sentiment lies in clinging to the well-tried family household ways. The world swings around, and often a returning decade brings back 'mother's way,' or 'grandmother's way,' showing plainly that a sensible reason existed for the old lady's preference for one way over another. Don't forget that!"

"And in the mean time you don't believe in proving all things?"

"In graver matters—yes! Still I confess to a certain reverence for the conservative woman who dusts a room or folds stockings in the precise manner her mother taught her to do, even though she can give no better reason than that for her tender obstinacy in holding to the old custom. I think it's not bad to hold on to a sentiment in trifles against the time when science shall have eliminated all sentiment from life and all human feeling from the machinery of our bodies!"

Mamma—Now, Teddy, to-day we must all try and give up something while times are so hard.

Teddy—I'm willing.

Mamma—What will it be dear?

Teddy—Soap.

Danger of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how different would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not disease of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature? It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

156 St. Croix Soap M'fg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

Comfort for the Patient.

A physician writes this in one of our exchanges: In changing the dress of a patient suffering from rheumatism, or any sore on the arms at upper part of the body, there is often great and unnecessary distress caused in getting the arms in and out of the sleeves of the shirt or nightdress, or even a chemise, when fitted closely to the body.

It adds greatly to the comfort of both patient and attendant to rip open the sleeves and one side of the garment, and attach small strings of tape, just as is done with the sleeves of a man's coat when an arm is broken.

Generally, with a long sleeve the wristband may be left uncut, and the garment not opened lower than the waits, but this must be determined by the requirements of the case. In cases of extreme debility, where it is not safe for the patient to be raised even for a moment, all risk and inconvenience may be avoided by ripping open both the dress which is in wear and the fresh one, and lifting the patient on to the latter just as is done in changing the bedclothes. This plan does not destroy or injure the clothing in any way, as the seams can be sewed again when the garments are wanted for ordinary use.

As for women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em. —Dryden.

"REMARKABLE CURE FOR DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1888 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk, my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size, all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your Vegetable Discovery which has done such wonders in my case.

Summer Studies.

With all out-doors inviting us to recreation and enjoyment, we hardly care to bury ourselves during the summer in books which greatly tax our powers of thought. Nature spreads so many open pages before our eyes that we are fain to follow where she leads, and to study what she indicates as most opportune. But to let a whole bright summer slip away unmarked by any new acquisition, the mind relaxed through every flitting week and month, until it with difficulty resumes its old tasks, is a somewhat unwise proceeding. In the compass of our lives we do not count too many golden opportunities, and we shall never recover our ground if we let any of them pass unimproved.

The office of study is twofold—to discipline and to broaden. Our summer studies should be so arranged and alternated that they will do both for us by imperceptible degrees.

Don't forget when you are tired and cross to keep your mouth shut.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

A bit of raw onion will remove fly specks from gilding without injury to the gilding?

R. A. PRECOURST

GENERAL WAX WORKER.

BODIES IN PAPIER MACHE.
HEADS—For Show Windows.

The Highest Class Work in the Dominion.

Write for particulars.

168 Cadieux Street - Montreal

LADIES! How about your complexion? Is it sallow or faded? If so, use the VIENNA COMPLEXION WAFERS, a scientific preparation for clearing the skin and developing the form. Transforms the muddy, faded hue of ill health to freshness, brightness and color. Price 50c. by mail. PILLS & CO., Agts, Toronto, Can.

A LUCKY DOG.

"Do you often wear as rueful an expression as that, Miss Fannie Earl?"

Fannie paused on the shady sidewalk tilting back her broad hat to get a better view of the speaker. "All the while," she responded with a lugubrious smile. "Still I am very glad to see you, Mr. Evans, and hope father invited you down to dinner."

"Of course he did, don't he always? I want you to right about face, go down to the house with me, and tell me the cause of all your woe," and the big jolly man beamed on Fannie in such a whole-souled fashion that she felt quite cheered.

"Oh, it isn't much to tell to another," she said, quite apologetically. "You know I didn't go back to the city to art school this year, because the boys have just entered college, and father did not see how he could manage it for us all. The worst of it is, too, he does not really think my going of very much use, therefore, I have been trying to get up a class in painting here to show what I could do; but everybody has known me since I was so high," measuring an infinitesimal distance from the sidewalk, "and they make the most ridiculous excuses when I go to anyone for pupils. They all think I don't know anything. I have had the offer of just one pupil. Mrs. Huxley, the milliner, said I might give her little girl lessons if I would take my pay in a hat, and her hats would just scare the birds."

"Well, that is too bad," he said, "but it is simply another case of 'a prophet in his own country.' I have always thought you had a good deal of talent. See here! I have thought of the very thing." They had reached the house, and he sat on one of the veranda chairs, in a high state of satisfaction. "You know Mollie and I are located at South Wales for the winter, and only the other day I heard her saying she wished she had a good art teacher. I gather from what she said a big crowd of the women there are fairly pining for art. I believe you could make a pretty good thing among them. Too bad we are boarding, but I know a lady whom I am sure would board you for lessons."

Fannie clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, Mr. Evans! If I only could, but I am afraid father would never let me."

Mr. Evans was one of those enthusiastic men whose zeal knew neither abatement nor bounds in any scheme he had conceived, and he responded readily, "Yes, he will. I'll see to that. Mrs. Evans will take the best of care of you, and it is only fifty miles down the road. Don't fret about that, Fannie. You'll go if you want to."

Mr. Earl looked doubtfully upon the idea, but his little girl's great desire won finally, and he said, "Well, Fannie, you may go and try. Of course I know you will be safe, but I dislike to have my little girl meet the world so soon. You will have humiliations and disappointments in plenty. Of that I am sure. You cannot rely entirely upon Mr. Evans' statement. He is very sanguine. Another thing, dear, admiring friends and possible patrons are two different classes of individuals. You always have your old father, though, to come back to, and I can afford a few dollars to buy my daughter a little experience. So go ahead and do your best. If you fail it is nothing to be ashamed of. Strong men have done the same."

"I never, never will give up," Fannie thought, and a very business-like demure little personage went down to South Wales the next week, put her advertisement in the paper, engaged a room in one of the business blocks for a studio, and arranged her little stock of pictures in it. She and Mrs. Evans went to see the lady who might board her for lessons; a very sharp-featured, decisive personage who eyed Fannie doubtfully.

"Yes, I told Mr. Evans I wanted to take lessons. I know I have a talent for painting, and now that I have my new house I want to decorate it. I want someone who understands the business, though. He said you'd been studying."

"I have," Fannie answered with reddening cheeks.

"I am sure Miss Earl understands her business, Mrs. Adams," interposed Mrs. Evans.

"Well, seeing you and Mr. Evans recommend her, I'll try. So you might as well come right off. I need a good many pictures and the quicker I commence the better."

"I do not think she had better commence for a day or two, as I wish to introduce her to the ladies; so you need not expect her immediately," Mrs. Evans replied as they arose to leave.

"Now we will call on Mrs. Kent. If she will only take lessons you are all right, for there are about twenty-five ladies who always do exactly as Mrs. Kent does," remarked Mrs. Evans, as she opened the gate leading up to a handsome house. Mrs. Kent was very gracious, but sorry that her time was so fully occupied at present that it would be impossible for her to take lessons. At a score of houses they received the same polite excuses and apologies, the truth really being that Fannie looked altogether too young, round and dimpled to inspire confidence, and her pictures, while really very good, were neither numerous nor showy.

Monday morning she sat alone in the studio painting on her "board contract," and trying her best to keep from crying, when she heard a medley of wheezing, thumping and talking on the stairs punctuated by sharp barks. The door opened with a rush admitting a little fat, breezy old lady with an exceedingly small inquisitive-looking dog under her arm, and a red cushion in her hand. Behind her came a small boy laden down with an easel, paint box and stretcher.

"Good-morning. Lay those things down carefully. There,

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Truly wonderful are these marvels of convenience and beauty. They are made on a new principle and are the Lightest, Neatest and Most Natural human hair goods ever conceived by hair artists.

BANGS. SIDE WAVES. SWITCHES. CHIGNONS.

NO LACE to tear. NO WIRES to rust. NO NET to absorb perspiration.
One Pin holds them firmly to the head. The Switches have no Stems or Cords.
No lady will use any other after learning the merits of this, the greatest article ever invented in the Hair Line for Ladies.
The Bangs and Side Waves are light as a feather. Can be brushed in with your own hair.

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Mention this paper in ordering by mail.
CUT SAMPLE OF HAIR FROM BACK OR FRONT.
Goods sent C.O.D. with right of examining if you send with order 50 cents for express charges.
GRAY, DRAB, ASH, RED OR BLONDE SHADES EXTRA.

Fido, bless her heart, don't get excited. Goodness, what stairs!" she gasped almost in one breath. "I tried to get up last week, but I couldn't get the cushion done and Fido seemed to have a little cold. Here, take my bonnet. What a little bit of a girl you are. I want Fido to look just as she does when I say 'Rats,' you know."

Fannie, helplessly bewildered and politely smiling, took the old lady's bonnet. Then she suddenly seemed to recollect herself. "Well, I declare, child, I don't suppose you know a thing about me. I am always forgetting that everybody don't know me. I am Mrs. Amory and I want to paint Fido lying on that red satin cushion. Isn't she a beauty? See what a cunning little curl she has got to her tail?"

"Have you ever painted?" asked Fannie in amazement.

"Oh, yes, a few plaques and things," responded Mrs. Amory, airily. "You know you can just sketch in Fido, then I'll paint her. Bless her! Don't I know every hair on her, and if I can't paint her I don't know who can."

Fannie's breath was nearly taken away. To sketch a live dog was certainly an undertaking, and she did not know what to say to her strange pupil, but she was spared the necessity for Mrs. Amory bustled about, arranged her easel where she wanted it, set up the canvas, put the satin cushion on a chair, then called the dog. "Lie down, Fido. Put your paws out. Now, 'Rats,' Fido." The dog's slender ears pointed forward, her small bright eyes fairly snapped, and she crouched as motionless as a little stone effigy. "There, isn't she lovely? That is just the way I want her, cushion and all, life size. Now you draw her in and tell me what paints to get out. Lie still, Fido. Be sure that beautiful curl to her tail shows."

It certainly was an emergency, but Fannie never quailed. She took a stick of charcoal and commenced. Her experience in "cast" drawing came to the aid of her naturally quick eye. But it took nearly an hour, several excursions after the recreant Fido on the part of Mrs. Amory, and numerous exciting references to "rodents" with considerable mental strain on Fannie's part, before a spirited sketch of the vivacious Fido lay on the the canvas. Fannie was thoroughly and excitedly interested. She laid out the palette and mixed the paints, then watched in agony of spirit Mrs. Amory's futile little dabs. If Fido had not so insistently reminded them they would probably have forgotten the dinner hour. When she became entirely unmanageable Mrs. Amory reluctantly gathered herself together, tucked Fido under her arm and departed, saying, "We'll be back to-morrow. I think I've done beautifully."

For the next two or three mornings the studio was the field of quite exciting scenes and Fannie had no opportunity of either crying or working on the "board" picture, which Mrs. Adams resented by treating her as though she were in arrears on her bill.

One morning Mrs. Amory said, "Say, my dear, I want you to come and stay with me. You have never seen Apollo yet, and it will give you a better opportunity of studying Fido."

"I would like to, but I have an engagement with Mrs. Adams," Fannie began hesitatingly.

"Oh, bother Mrs. Adams. I don't like her nose. Fido is the only sharp-nosed female I can tolerate. Help her finish that picture if you want to, but come and visit me. Fido and I will call for you to-night."

Fannie was so homesick where she was that she could not refuse, so was ready to go when they called for her, telling Mrs. Adams it was only for a visit and need make no difference in their arrangements.

A fanciful little house, all gables, bay windows and porticos was Mrs. Amory's. As they came up the walk a sullen, black little face gazed solemnly out at them.

"That's Apollo," whispered Mrs. Amory. "He looks as though he was in an awful humor. I don't like him as well as I do Fido, he has such a dreadful disposition, and I'm always afraid that he'll find out that I like Fido the best.

A red-cheeked, pleasant-faced girl opened the door for them. "How

have you got along, Lizy?" inquired Mrs. Amory.

"I just haven't got along at all. Apollo's been that bad," answered the girl, "he's gnawed and snapped at my heels all the morning. Then when I settled down to baking he got in his high chair and glared at me that ugly I couldn't do a thing. He hasn't eat a mouthful, either. O, but he's mean!"

"You don't say! He's jealous of my going out with Fido so much. Here, Apollo, dear little fellow! Auntie brought him a few chocolates. Won't he eat one?"

The ugly little pug never turned his face from the window. "Jump down, Apollo, Fido wants to see you." Fido barked briskly. Still Apollo turned his wrinkled, dingy little back. "What a state he's in, to be sure. I never saw him quite so bad," lamented Mrs. Amory. "What can I do, Lizy?"

"If 'twas me I'd switch him," replied Lizy, promptly. The dog sprang from the window and ran snarling at her heels. She retreated hastily through the door, muttering, "I don't care, I would!"

"Dear child, I haven't asked you to take off your hat or anything. How careless I am, but Apollo has upset me so with his foolishness. There now, he is edging around to get a chocolate. Guess I can coax him up."

At the supper table two high-chairs were set opposite to Fannie. The thin-visaged Fido occupied one, and Apollo, with his naturally disgusted little nose high in the air the other. Lizy waited on them and Fannie noticed that Apollo disposed of a very substantial little supper. In the privacy of her own room that night she laughed and cried by turns, then consoled herself by a letter to her father in which she put all the laugh, for she was determined not to show the white feather. "I may become an American 'Bonheur,' if I have enough animal painters for pupils," she wrote, carefully refraining from mentioning the number of her pupils. When she was preparing for bed she heard a growling little bark at her door, then the patter of Mrs. Amory's feet.

"Oh, Miss Earl," she called, "can you let me in?" As she opened the door Apollo walked in, sneering and snarling at Mrs. Amory over his shoulder. "Apollo is perfectly determined to sleep with you. He slept here with Katie sometimes when she was visiting me. Would you mind for him to?"

"Why, Mrs. Amory, I don't know," stammered poor Fannie. "He is so cross I am afraid of him. I might not mind Fido so much."

"But Fido does not want to, and we really won't be able to live with him if he don't. Oh, my!" she ejaculated suddenly, rubbing her heel. "There, he is biting me because I don't get his bed," and she hurried out of the door, calling back, "I'll put it on the foot of the bed. He will be all right if you just lie still."

She was soon back with a soft pink pad and two or three small blankets. The affectionate Apollo received her with an admonitory growl and she hurried to spread them at the foot of the bed. Fannie was silent, partly through indignation and partly through fear of the malevolent little dog who lay down on his bed with severe dignity when it was arranged to his mind.

"Just notice please that he does not get uncovered during the night," was Mrs. Amory's parting injunction.

That was the last straw. Fannie broke down completely. "It is just too much," she sobbed. "I never did work so hard and I've just earned my board and studio rent and now I have got to take care of a horrid little pug dog all night. If I stir there's no telling what he'll do."

She crept into bed softly and fearfully, hardly sleeping all night, not for the purpose of keeping Apollo covered, but if she moved he growled so savagely she hardly dared stir. He absolutely refused to leave the room while she was dressing and at the breakfast table eyed her so fixedly that Mrs. Amory remarked, "Dear little Apollo, he seems to have taken such a fancy to you."

Fannie's look of silent misery must have touched Lizy for she whispered behind Mrs. Amory's back, "I'll just see he don't take such a fancy to you again if I have to sit up all night to do it."

Mrs. Adams was waiting for her at the studio door when she went down. "I have made up my mind not to take any more lessons, Miss Earl," she greeted her, "and have sent your valise to Mrs. Amory's. You evidently are not much of an artist or you would receive more patronage. I consider that Mr. and Mrs. Evans misrepresented you to me. I want you to finish my picture by noon and I will send a boy after it and my things. Next time I shall rely on my own judgment." Then she stalked downstairs. Fannie went into the studio with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. Fido's picture confronted her as she stepped in. The lithe, alert little body seemed fairly instinct with life and the satin cushion, in the strong morning light, took most natural sheen and shadow, for by dint of keeping Mrs. Amory at work with a very fine brush, "to bring out the hairs" on some place where she could do no harm, a great deal of "showing" and some surreptitious work nights and mornings, Fannie had produced a most creditable picture. Angry as she was, it comforted her.

"I don't care what she says, I know I can paint," she cried hotly. A gentle tap at the door startled her. Regaining her composure as quickly as possible, she opened it and confronted a very sweet-looking lady.

"Good-morning!" she said brightly. "I am Mrs. Kent. You probably do not recollect me. I had a little leisure this morning and thought I would call and examine your paintings. I have been hearing so much of Mrs. Amory's little dog, too. I suppose this is it. It is beautiful and so life-like. Mrs. Amory must have wonderful talent."

Fannie blushed guiltily. Mrs. Kent laughed. "We all have talent when our teacher is good enough, you know."

Then followed a delightful half hour while she examined Fannie's pictures and chatted.

"I like your work very much, Miss Earl," she said at last, "and must improve the time while you are here. I have painted a little and am working on a picture now with which I am dissatisfied. I shall come this afternoon and bring a friend of mine who is trying to paint with me. Good-morning."

Fannie's cheeks were still blazing but from delight this time. She fairly danced all over the studio. "Luck is coming, you darling dog, and you are bringing it," she exulted. "This almost pays for taking care of Apollo all night."

Mrs. Evans was right in her estimate of Mrs. Kent's influence, for if there were not twenty-five ladies next week there were so many that Fannie thought there was not in the whole universe so tired and so happy a girl. All day long she thinned out foliage in trees, deepened shadows in flowers, rolled up clouds in skies, while her busy brain devised screens, plaques and decorated bric-a-brac to keep up with the demands of her class. It suddenly became the fashion to take lessons of her and pet her until she could not accept half the invitations she received to visit with the ladies, or hardly accommodate all who wished to take lessons.

Fannie would not have been quite human if she had not experienced considerable satisfaction when Mrs. Adams came back and paid for her lessons, taking thankfully what time Fannie could give her with the rest. She held her class three months, arrived at the dignity of a bank book and became such a moneyed little individual that she ran up home to spend a good many Sundays during the time.

She probably never fully realized and it was well she did not, how delighted and proud her father was at her pluck and perseverance, to say nothing of her talent. She went back in the fall to her school and a week or two after her return one of the teachers said, "How wonderfully you have improved, Miss Earl. What teacher have you been studying under?"

"Experience," answered Fannie, with a twinkle.

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"Literary Salad" served at one of the recent fairs was made of green paper, cut in lettuce leaves, and piled temptingly in a salad-dish. To each leaf was attached a quotation, and it cost ten cents to nibble at this intellectual feast. If the quotation on the leaf which fell to your share was correctly traced, a prize was the additional reward of your cleverness.

Caught —the woman who gets an imitation of *Pearline*. It gives only an imitation of cleanliness, but the promise of harm is genuine. For real work, get *Pearline*. It gets the dirt out easily, without hard work. It gets things clean without hard wear. Get *Pearline*, and you have your work done safely; half your work is done, when you get *Pearline*. 284

Beware of Imitations. JAMES PYLE, N. Y

Good-Looking Christians.

I was asked a curious question the other day, for which I thought I would try to find an answer. A lady said to me, "Why are good people generally not good-looking?" and she added, "I have noticed they are not. When you take a look at people in church and compare them with the people that are termed worldly, the worldly people have the advantage in brightness of faces." Now if it is so, I think it must be that most religious people do not get far enough into the Kingdom, for if one gets a life of love and joy and hope they are bright, and all other things being equal they will be the best looking. But many Christian people, I think, live at the North instead of in the tropics, so they are chilly and cold and growth is stinted, nothing is luxurious—they need to go South, to have an interior Florida. There is a lack of freedom, of joyousness that comes from not being at home with God. I fear most professing Christians are not free. They do not act as if they were God's dear children, and they are merely servants and servants never act like the children; they are deferential and respectful and serious, and this is about as far as the ordinary Christians get. They fear to do this or that, their conscience will not let them, they fear they will not do their duty, and the worldly class my friend compared them with have no fear nor care. These do not think of God at all, and as far as the animal life and the beauty of their physical life go I think they have the best of it, and are the best looking, but the physical will give out some day, and then there will be a change. I have known beauty of face to come to some poor saints, who, perhaps, had gone mourning all their days, but when the voyage of life was drawing to a close there was a lighting up of their faces and a joy that transfigured them into beauty. But it is our privilege to have a wine of the Spirit that the early disciples had after Pentecost, and we need not wait till we are leaving earth to be lighted up! If we are filled with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, we will be worth looking at now!

"I understand you have a fine garden, Tommie." "Yeth." "What do you raise in it chiefly?" "Tayty-bugs," said Tommie.

"Am I Married or Not?"

asked Mr. A., despondently. "I declare, my wife is so nervous and irritable that I don't stay in the house a moment longer than I can help. My home isn't what it used to be." "Mrs. A. is suffering from some functional derangement, I presume," said B. "Yes, she has been an invalid for years." "Exactly. Her experience is that of my wife, but she was cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Get this remedy for Mrs. A., and the happiness of your home will soon be restored." Mr. B. was right. For prolapsus, painful periods irregularities—in short for all "complaints" peculiar to the female sex the "Favorite Prescription" is a sovereign specific.

Rupture, or Hernia, permanently cured, or no pay. For Pamphlet and references address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Power of the Press.

It is a great business this making of somebodies out of nobodies. The "people-who-are-talked-about" column is a marvellous institution. Many a parish hero has it transformed into a man of the hour; many a painter and politician owes whatever debt his distinction is worth to it; many a dame owes her reputation for beauty which she does not possess, and youthful looks which, also, have flown, to the social paragrapher. Mrs. de Malony may vow and maintain that she never, never, no, not if it was ever so, will take that misleading Budget to her bosom any more, but when, next week, the wily B. descants, in three stickfuls, of her "charmingly youthful appearance in ostrich feathers and tan boots," she forgives it everything in a burst of fervent generosity, and declares the social note-taker to be the cleverest creature, and the W. B. the sweetest journal. "So voracious, you know" (she means veracious) she tells Mrs. de Vingo when they meet—"so perfectly chick and fan di sickle and up to date," in which Mrs. de Vingo does not agree at all because the ruffle on her neck was described as a "pink chiffon arrangement," instead of a tucker of real Valenciennes which it was.

Some women have hearts as brittle as glass; he that would engrave his name on them must use diamonds.

One-Minute Cramp Cure.

This is the need of the hour and Nerviline cures cramps in one minute. Spasm is at once relieved by its use for it contains the most powerful and pain subduing remedies known to Medical Science. Nerviline or Nerve Pain Cure is sold by druggists.

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The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

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Can Recommend It.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

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If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

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If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

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"He said that my wife had a very well developed muscle."

A Dip in a Jap's Pocket.

Japanese folks have six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany peculiar to droll little people.

As common as twine in the ordinary British boy's pocket is the prayer amulet, written on delicate sheets of rice-paper and composed by the priests. These prayers are swallowed, paper and all, like a pill, in all cases of physical and mental distress.

Another essential, never missing, is a number of small squares of silky paper, which are put to the most unexpected purposes—to hold the stem of a lotus or lily, to dry a teacup, wipe away a tear, or blow the absurd little nose of the doll-like, little woman. The most aristocratic people of Japan use this kind of handkerchief for practical purposes. After one of the papers has been used it is thrown away.

A Friend in Need.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need, but he is more truly happy who hath no need of friends.

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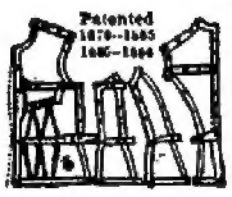

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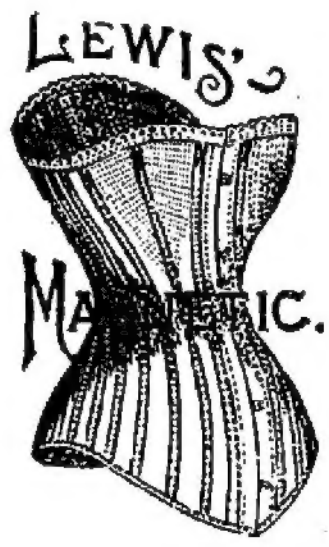

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